DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Published every week.
$1.50 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office of New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

VOLUME XIII. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1884. NUMBER 39.

POETRY.

The American Producer.

Give me the blue of the bending sky,
O'er the land of the freeman hung,
And the bright, full beams of the sun on high,
While the hymn of the free is sung:
Oh, ne'er has the sky o'er a land like ours
Bent down with its arch of blue,
Or joyfully wept in the crystal showers,
Or gemmed the glad earth with dew.

Give me the land where the plow's bright share,
Turns wealth from the virgin soil,
Nor melts in the forge, where the vulcans bear
A sword for the warrior's spoil;
Not the song of the soldier's bloody trade,
Nor the trumpet's startling twang,
But the vow of peace on the altar laid,
Round the hearthstone fondly sang.

Oh, bright the land where the golden grain
Waves over the fertile fields,
And the tall, ripe corn, the spreading plain,
Its harvest bounties yields;
Where the sounding flail, as it swings in air,
Falls fast on the threshing floor,
And the autumn sun shows the toiler there,
With the gold dust covered o'er.

Let the broad land wake in its proudest bloom,
In the light of our broader skies!
Let the anvil, plow, and busy loom,
In their power and grandeur rise;
Let the workers all, in their well paid toils,
Rejoice with a labor song,
And the blessings of God on the uncovered soil
Be sought by the trusting throng.

Let the yeoman sing as he tills the land
And follows the shining plow!
Let the toiler sing as he lifts his hand,
Oft wiping his sweating brow!
Let the maiden sing! Let the anvil ring!
And the radiant truth be told—
That the labor of home, in its fruits shall bring
A truer wealth than gold!

Then give me the blue of the bending sky
O'er the land of the freeman hung,
And the bright, full beams of the sun on high,
While the hymn of the free is sung.
Oh, ne'er has a sky o'er a land like ours,
Bent down with its arch of blue,
Or joyfully wept in the crystal showers,
Or gemmed the glad earth with dew!

STORY TELLER.

A CROOKED RACE.

"It isn't so much the money," said old Mr. Vanderhecken, "as the ingratitude of it. He has $50,000 with him, but our firm is able to stand the loss of that without a wince, even if times are close. But you see we trusted Westhoff implicitly, and now I would give a good round sum to land him in state prison."

"Do you know where he is?" said the chief of the detective bureau.

"Oh yes. He's in Windsor. His agent here approached us on the subject of compromise. He offered to divide. He doesn't like living in Canada, it seems. Oh, he's a fastidious villain. He would rather have $25,000 in the United States than $50,000 in Canada."

The detective took down in his note book all the particulars Vanderhecken could give him about Westhoff. He even went into rather fine matters, found that he was fond of good wine and first-class cigars. He told Vanderhecken that the thing just resolved itself into bringing him over to the American side of the Detroit River, still it might cost a good deal to him get over.

"How much?" said the merchant.

"I don't know," said the chief, cautiously. "Put it this way. How much would you give to have Westhoff here in Chicago?"

The merchant thought for a few moments. "Well," he said at last, "I'd give $5,000 to see him convicted."

"We can't promise conviction, you know, but we can land him here, and the rest will remain with you and the courts. I don't want you to be money out of pocket, but if you guarantee our expenses, hit or miss, and the $5,000 if it is a hit, I'll send a man that I think can produce Westhoff here."

To this the merchant assented, and the conference ended.

Three days after this a young man with a valise supported by a leather strap over his shoulder, wrote "John Drayton, St. Louis," on the bulky register of the Crookton house, Windsor, and said with a sigh of relief as he did so: "Thank God, I'm in Canada."

The clerk smiled and assigned him a room. "Transient?" he asked.

"No, I guess not. Permanent, I hope. Does that room overlook the river? Thanks."

John Drayton made no bones of the fact that the firm of Rodgers, Goode & Co., were out to the tune of many thousands of dollars on his account. He was evidently qualified to be admitted into the most select society of crooks. To add to his popularity, Drayton was fond of good living, and he had with him some of the finest brands of cigars and the choicest of liquors. Many a gay night they had of it in Drayton's rooms in the Crookton house. Westhoff and Drayton became particular cronies.

"Gentlemen," said Drayton one day, "how much is there in that roll of bills?"

Westhoff counted them over, and said:

"A thousand dollars."

"K'rect," replied Drayton, tipping his cigar ceilingwards. "I won that last night."

"No! Where?"

"In Sumpkins' faro rooms, Detroit."

"Detroit! Were you over?"

"You bet! Been over half a dozen times within the last week. I am thinking of getting a season ticket on the ferry."

"Heaven," gasped Westhoff, "you take big risks. The game's not worth it. Drayton, my boy, you'll be snapped up some of these times."

"Yes," put in Brownly, an old hand. Going to Detroit grows on one. It's a bad habit. Look at Wilson. Grew quite reckless. Went over when he liked. Used to ride on the boats on a hot day. Had seats at the opera. Run right into the arms of his partner on Griswold street, and actually said: 'Hello, old boy! How's things in Springfield?' to the man he has ruined. Forgot till his partner called a policeman that he was not in Windsor. Got to be a habit, going over to Detroit, you see."

"Still there is very little risk," said Drayton. "I was at the races last week. Lots of fun."

The others groaned. There was evidently a strong yearning for their own land.

"I tell you," said Westhoff, "I don't care much for races. Give me a good slugging match for real amusement."

"Me too," echoed the others.

"Gentleman," said Drayton, "if you come with me, I can show you the nicest bit of stand-up and knock-down you ever saw. Wednesday night. Tickets $2. Doors locked. No kid gloves affair. I'm going."

"By jingo," said Westhoff, "I'll risk it. What do you say?"

Some shook their heads. All would like to go.

"I don't think we ought all to go together," said Drayton. "But I don't think there's any danger in a few of us. The rest can take it in another night. What do you say?"

"I'm with you," said Westhoff. Others, rather bolder than the rest, agreed to see the slugging. Next morning, as Westhoff looked over the letter rack at the office of the Crookton house, he saw a letter addressed to Mr. John Drayton and on the corner of the envelope was printed:

Return in ten days to
MUTUAL DETECTIVE AGENCY,
Room 17, Kitchem Building,
La Salle street, Chicago.

Westhoff looked sharply around him, slipped the letter among those he had received for himself, and went up to his room. A little moisture judiciously applied, put him in possession of the letter, which read:

MY DEAR WILLIS: Old Van is getting impatient. He is here every day now, and says he wants results. I wish you would write out a sort of semi-official report of your proceedings with Westhoff so that it will kind of let him know how matters are progressing. Vanderhecken seems to think we are merely piling up expenses on him, and threatens to take the case to Pinkerton's. You see the situation; help us out. Things very dull here.

Yours, etc., A. K. HADDEM.

Westhoff drew his breath sharply and muttered: "I'm getting childish. By —, saved by a mere chance. A boy of 10 wouldn't be such a fool."

He sealed the envelope, went downstairs and slipped the letter in its place.

"Drayton down yet?"

"No," answered the clerk. "Out with the boys last night I guess, Takes big risks, Drayton does."

"He does that," assented Westhoff significantly.

The crooks had a confab in Westhoff's room. That evening Brownly asked the landlord if they could have an upper room for a little bout—with gloves—a room away from the rest of the inhabited rooms—where they could have some fun without disturbing anyone. The request was granted. The crooks were good customers.

That night a jolly crowd assembled in room 110. Drayton was one of the party and he opened a box of good cigars. Westhoff put on the gloves. He and Brownley had a friendly set-to. The former was evidently an adept at the sport he admired.

"Try them on, Drayton," said Brownly as he took the cumbersome handgear off.

"I can't do it," said Drayton. "Always rather look on than participate."

"Come on, come on," said Westhoff I'll give you a few points. You'll appreciate the show to-morrow night all the better for it."

"Go ahead, Drayton," cried the impatient crowd. Drayton reluctantly put on the gloves.

After a few playful taps on the shoulder and different parts of his upper anatomy, Drayton suddenly received a blow that made him think the universe had collapsed. He staggered blindly and fell. Rising to his feet he got a thumper square in the face that caused the blood to flow, and another on the side of the head that laid him flat. Dazed, he reached around to his revolver pocket, then tried to tear off his gloves. Rising to his feet Westhoff promptly laid him on the floor again. All the time not a word was spoken by spectators or actors. Drayton, grinding his teeth in his fury, put his foot on the point of his glove and tore his hand out. He drew his revolver, but was instantly overpowered and the weapon taken from. Westhoff stood panting while Brownly undid his gloves.

"Stand up, you whelp!" cried Westhoff, and as Drayton backed in the corner before him Westhoff showered blow after blow on him with his naked fists, till the unfortunate detective sank insensible to the floor.

"For 2 cents," cried the excited crook, "I'd fling him into the river—or out of that window."

"No, no," said Brownly, "he's had enough. We mustn't get into the clutches of the law on this side, you know. This, you remember," he continued, turning to his friends, "was merely a set-to with gloves and Drayton lost his temper, got out his revolver and Westhoff acted in self-defense. We can all swear to that, can't we?"

"Certainly," replied the distinguished company.

Drayton, who slowly came to himself, heard these remarks.

"How do you feel, Mr. Willis?" asked Westhoff with apparent concern. "I advise you to get out of this country and back to Chicago. Give my regards to the Mutual Detective Agency, and tell 'em you've come to report on Westhoff in person. Love to old Van, you know. Tell him not to get impatient. We can't have everything we want here below, can we, Willis?"

Willis, or Drayton, made no reply, but got up slowly and with difficulty. Some one handed him his hat, and Brownly unlocked and held open the door.

"You can make a complaint for assault if you like, he said "but the weight of evidence will be against you."

Drayton did not say what his intentions were, but walked sullenly down stairs, washed the blood from his face, cooled his bruises as best he could and paid his bill. There was no action for assault and battery. He left that night for Chicago. Slugging became quite a pastime for the boys in room 110.

Some weeks after an advertisement appeared in the papers in unobtrusive print. It said:

The steamer Fortune will leave Windsor at 9 A.M. on the — inst. for a point on the Canada shore. Tickets, $5. To be had from George L. Mowbury, Crookton House, Windsor.

It was well known among the sports that the Belfast bruiser was to meet an unknown—perhaps Sullivan—for a regular, old-fashioned prize fight on the the lake shore sands where the police would not molest. Mowbury was a speculative sport from New York who was getting up the affair, and he was exceedingly particular to whom he sold tickets. When the boat started there was less than 100 on board, and among them were ten well known crooks. As the boat neared the fort she turned towards the American shore.

"You're not going to land here," said Westhoff to Mowbury, in alarm.

"Yes. Why not? There are a couple of dozen people coming on there."

Westhoff protested and said he would speak to the Captain. He sprang up to the pilot-house deck and there in the wheelhouse talking to the wheelman he saw Drayton, who smiled cynically as he caught the appalled look of Westhoff.

"How do?" said the former.

"This is your game, is it?" cried Westhoff.

"This is my game," answered Drayton.

"Who commands the boat?" Westhoff asked the wheelman.

"I do," said Drayton.

"Who commands this boat?" demanded Westhoff again. "This man is no captain."

"I'm under his orders," answered the wheel-man; "Where he says 'go,' I go."

"Get him to slow up. Don't turn in for a moment. I want to speak to you."

"Slow up," said Drayton. "Keep her down stream. If there is a shot or any fuss, and I am not here to give an order, head her for Detroit for all she is worth."

"All right, sir."

The two enemies walked aft, and Drayton, leaning back against one of the life-boats, looked at Westhoff and said:

"I give you five minutes."

"How much do you expect to make out of this capture?"

"A fair sum of cash, a big reputation and a chance to get even for your lesson in the noble art of self-defense."

"How much will you take in cash and land us in Windsor."

"Couldn't do it, my boy."

"I make you a fair offer. If you don't accept it I'll chuck you overboard, and send the wheelman after you, if he don't take us back."

"That would, merely insure your being taken to the States for murder or hung in Canada; besides it wouldn't work. I have twenty officers on board in plain clothes, and a pistol-shot is the signal. You are all marked men. I have only to snap off this revolver and in a twinkling the handcuffs are on the ten of you."

Westhoff walked up and down for a few moments, then he turned sharply to Drayton, who was polishing the barrel of his revolver with his handkerchief.

"Are you open to a liberal proposal?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Twenty thousand dollars."

"If you say ten it's done."

"Westhoff, I've got you just where I want you. You can't help yourself. I'll give you all the time you want to think about it, but for every minute you take it's $1,000 more. Ten minutes from now, after you have consulted with your friends, the sum will be $30,000.

"I accept the $20,000 offer now, but I want to speak to the rest."

"All right, call them up here. I can't trust you out of my sight, my dear Westhoff."

"It comes to this," said Westhoff to his nine friends: "We're in a hole. It will take $2,000 apiece to get us out of it."

They sorrowfully agreed that that was the situation.

"How is this to be paid?" said Westhoff, as they approached Drayton.

"In cash on this boat. Send some one you can trust to Windsor for the money, and when it is handed to me I'll order the boat back to the Canada shore."

"And how are we to know that you'll do that after you have the money?" put in Brownly.

"You'll have to take my word for it, that's all."

They held another consultation. The fact was that they were afraid to trust any of their number to go and get the cash. They felt that it was hardly the square thing to throw temptation in the way of a person who was so poorly equipped for standing it. The chances were that the crook sent ashore for the cash would collect the amount and stay there. Honor among thieves was all right enough in theory—practice was a different thing.

"I tell you," said Westhoff to Drayton "we will each give you a check for $2,000. You go ashore and draw the money and we will remain on board until you return."

"Give me your check for $20,000, Westhoff, and you may collect $2,000 each from your friends. You know them better than I do."

"How do you know I have $20,000 in a bank?" said Westhoff, who didn't seem to care to trust his brethren.

"You have at the moment $42,341 and some odd cents to your credit in the Consolidated Manufacturers' bank, Windsor branch," replied Drayton. "Come, Westhoff, I can't stand fooling here. Shut up or put up."

Westhoff, with a curse, followed Drayton to the wheel-house, where the latter produced pen and ink and Westhoff made out a check. Drayton compared it minutely with one he took from his pocket-book and then folded both and placed them in the book, and the book in an inside pocket, buttoning the coat over it.

He said to the wheelsman: "Touch at that wharf and let me off. Go down the river at half speed for an hour and then come back. I'll be here."

As the boat left the wharf Drayton began to doubt whether he had done the correct thing or not. He asked a boy who was fishing to get him some kind of a rig to go up town in, anything with a fast horse would do—dray or express. As the boy did not return he borrowed a glass from the mate of a schooner lying there. Turning in towards the ferry he saw that the ten were around the pilot house apparently in a discussion with the wheelsman. As he looked he saw the man whirl round the wheel and the boat slowly answered the helm.

She was turning up the river.

"They've bribed him. It's a race for that check," he cried, as he threw down the glass and ran as if for life up the wharf. On the street he met the boy returning with an express wagon.

He sprang in.

"Twenty dollars if you are at the foot of Woodward avenue in ten minutes. Ten dollars a minute for every minute you save under that."

The man put his horse to the gallop and Drayton held on as best he could.

They reached the ferry dock just as the boat was leaving. He threw $20 to the man, and without waiting for the formality of going through the gate, sprang on the red posts and leaped after the departing boat, saving himself by clasping a round support that helped to sustain the upper deck.

"You take big risks to save ten minutes," said a passenger.

"Minutes are valuable with me," said Drayton, as he went up-stairs.

"How long before that boat will land?" he asked the wheelsman.

"The Fortune?"

"Yes."

"Well, I dumo; she's a-humping it, you bet. About seven or eight minutes, I guess."

"Couldn't you shove this boat over faster? It's a matter of life and death?"

"All right," said the obliging wheelsman, and the next insant the "Vic." was quivering under the increased motion.

The Fortune was piling up the foam like the snowdrift before and the quick panting of the escape-pipe sounded sharp and loud even at that distance.

Drayton sprang ashore before a rope was thrown, and dashed along the street to the Consolidated Manufacturers' bank. The teller glanced at the check and said briefly: "Last window but one."

A man was there ahead of him. "Will you let me have your place, please."

The man gave way. The bookkeepers crutinized the check with exasperating slowness and glanced once or twice at the one who proffered it.

"It's all right, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I shall have to have you identified."

"Nonsense; it's payable to bearer; I had it made out so; it's not an order check," gasped Drayton, who felt a chill creep over him at the possibility of the thing being to order."

"It's to bearer, but the amount is unusually large, and I cannot pay it to a man I don't know."

"You have no right to refuse."

"I take the risk of refusal. You had better see the manager."

"I'll proclaim that your bank has suspended payment," cried Drayton, who every moment fancied he heard the Fortune grating against the wharf.

The bookkeeper turned to the next man. Drayton thought the landlord of the Crookton house would identify him. As he rushed down the steps he ran into the arms of Westhoff, coming up in an equal hurry.

"Got the money? No! I see you haven't. Sold again, my boy. Come in and see how easy I'll stop the payment of that check. Then we'll have a drink. You look haggard and worried, old fellow. You shouldn't let little things trouble you. Willis, how is old Van?"

"Westhoff," said Drayton, going very close to him, "do you feel that?"

"Yes, and I'll thank you to keep your thumb out of my ribs."

"Westhoff, it isn't my thumb, it's the muzzle of my six-shooter. It is in my coat pocket. It is a self-cocker. If you stir or make a sign the six bullets will be through your body before anyone can raise a hand to save you. Do you understand?"

"You know they hang for that sort of thing here."

"I know it. I'd hang with pleasure for the satisfaction of shooting you. But I am an officer, remember, and you are a criminal. That will make some difference with a jury. Now take my arm. Come into the bank and identify me, and bear in mind that I only want an excuse for blowing your heart out, you villain."

Westhoff looked in his eyes and saw that he meant it.

"Come, my ripe and unbribable detective, I will identify you."

They went to the book-keeper together.

"This is my friend, Mr. Drayton," said Westhoff.

"It was such a large amount, you see, that—"

"No apologies," cried Drayton. "Business."

A few moments after the sum was in the hands of Drayton.

"Come with me to the ferry dock," said the detective.

"Not over," cried Westhoff in alarm.

"No; I'm a man of my word."

"But you can be bribed, all the same."

"My dear Westhoff, this is all a little scheme of my own. I am a detective no longer. The Mutual and and I quarreled over that letter which you were so good as to read and I left. I had no twenty men in buckram on the boat; no one but myself and Mowbury. I was on the make entirely. Did Mowbury give you back your $5 each?"

"Yes."

"I told him to. How much did you give the wheelman."

"I promised him $500," said Westhoff.

Seals and Sea-Lions.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Sloss, of the Alaska Commercial company, we have been able to examine Prof. Henry W. Elliott's observations on the life history of the seal and sea-lion of Alaskan waters. Prof. Elliot tells us that the fur-seals which repair to the islands of St. Paul and St. George, of the Priboloy group, are in numbers almost fabulous. They go to land to shed fur and hair and to breed. The seal life of that region is classified under the head of fur-seal, sea-lion, the hair-seal, and the walrus. Of the true fur-seal, the professor goes so far as to say that there is no other animal known to man superior to this from a purely physical point of view, and few creatures exhibit so high an order of instinct, approaching even to intelligence. A male is in his prime at six or seven years, measures 6½ to 7½ feet in length, and weighs at least 400 pounds, some reaching 600 pounds. The comparatively small head is almost all occupied by the brain, the large bluish hazel eyes alternately burn with revengeful, passionate light, then suddenly change to the tones of tenderness and good nature. When it seeks the land it is in its fattest condition. In from six weeks to three months the superfluous fat is consumed by self-absorption, and the bones show under the shrunken skin. It does not seek the place of its birth, but aims for land without regard to special location. The seal-weather is "the foggy, humid, oozy damp of summer," and about the 1st of June the males select their positions, after the most extraordinary brutal contests which man can witness. The females arrive a few weeks later. The body is covered with two coats, the short, crisp overhair concealing the soft, elastic fur. In contrast with that of the males the behavior of the females is described as one of "exceeding peace and dove-like amiability." The females are four to four and a half feet long, and more shapely than the males. They do not have protracted fasts like the males, and have no great masses of blubber to sustain fasting. Soon after they give birth they leave their young on the ground and go to sea for food, returning perhaps next, or not for several days, in the meantime speeding to distant fishing-banks to satiate their hunger. The head and eye are exceedingly beautiful; the expression is really attractive, gentle, and intelligent. The large, lustrous, blue-black eyes are humid and soft with the tenderest expression, while the small, well-formed head is poised as gracefully on her neck as can well be imagined. She is the very picture of benignity and satisfaction when she is perched upon some convenient rock and has an opportunity to quietly fan herself, the eyes half-closed, and the head thrown back on her gently-swelling shoulders. Prof. Elliott declares that he never saw any driving of the young pups into the water by the old ones, in order to teach them to swim, as certain authors have positively affirmed. The pups blunder into the water awkwardly, and become the most expert swimmers only after discomfitures.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Fighting Tars.

While at Port Said, Egypt, the passengers and crew of an English steamer were eyewitnesses of an extraordinary fracas between some English sailors and a number of Egyptian troops and sailors. The mail steamer had occasion to wait at Port Said for a short time, but had barely come to her moorings when her passengers noticed a boat leave the side of the British war vessel Alexandria which was stationed there. The boat contained four sailors and one marine, and appeared to have left the vessel surreptitiously. It had got some distance from Alexandria before the flight was discovered, and immediately signals were passed to an Egyptian vessel, which was near them, to stop the fugitives. A boat was lowered from the Egyptian vessel and manned by nine sailors and an officer.

When the English sailors saw that they were being followed they waited until the pursuers came up to them, when, with extraordinary quickness, they pitched the whole of the Egyptians into the water, afterward capsizing their boat. The Egyptians, for safety, clung to the gunwale of the English boat, but were soon knocked off by the tars, who pulled for the shore. On approaching the shore a force of the Egyptian soldiers to the number of fifty men was found to be waiting to stop the sailors. The Englishmen were unarmed, but nothing daunted, they commenced to "pitch into" the Egyptians right and left, knocking them down like ninepins. Finding that even the fifty were unable to withstand the pugilistic onslaught of the five, reinforcements were sent for. Some fifty other newcomers were also placed hors de combat before the tars were finally secured. The five fugitives, whose courage and ability were worthy of a better cause, were taken back to their ship, their clothes being literally torn from their backs, their white strawhats being the only portion of their apparel intact.

As the sailors were passing the mail steamers the passengers, in admiration of their pluck, forgot their breach of duty and gave them a hearty cheer, a compliment which was paid to the erring tars by their own comrades as they approached the Alexandria.

A "Shower" Worth Seeing.

A rain in Cuba is a sight worth seeing. An American traveler, on a train between Mantanzas and Havana, describes what the natives call an ordinary shower. "The sun was blazing down," he says, "the cattle were panting in the shade of bushes and buildings, and the breeze that played across the cane fields was an aggravation. The cars had pulled up at a station. Flop came something like a bucket of water; splash sounded another full of rain; flop, splash, came more gigantic drops, and then the heavens opened and the rains descended and the floods came in a manner most startling to a New Yorker who remembers the one or two fierce rains at home during the summer, and is bound to admit that the severest of them would not rank as a genuine drizzle in comparison with this shower. Down came the rain in one vast sheet, not with the patter or the beating sound that rain sometimes has, but the roar and unbroken splash of the milldam's tumbling waters. It all came in five seconds. In that time the horizon ran inward until the outer limits of vision formed a circle smaller than Bowling Green. There were no intervening slanting lines of rain drops. There were layers instead. When the wind was still, one could see the rain falling in flat sheets When the wind arose the strata of water in the air waved and trembled, or broke and blended. Without interruption came the two accompanying sounds—the rush and roar in the air and the splashing on the ground. Enormous palm trees came tumbling down, two or three at a time, and striking close to the cars, floated down the railroad cutting, for the ground could not begin to absorb the water as it fell, and so it rose and deepened above the ground until the train stood in the lake, into which water from the higher level poured over the edges of the shallow road-cutting." This rain lasted twenty minutes. The sun again shone out brightly, and proceeded to drink up the flood that had been poured down.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1884.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:

One copy, one year,	$1.50
Clubs of ten,	1.25
If not paid within six months,	2.50

These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.

☞ Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

A deaf-mute, calling himself William Teed, is in New York City collecting money, ostensibly for a deaf-mute school in St. John, N. B. He produces letters from Mr. A. H. Abell, to show that he is an authorized agent. On questioning him, we discovered that his last contribution to the aforesaid school was made many months ago, although the book he carries contains subscriptions to the amount of nearly, if quite one hundred dollars. His explanation of where this money had gone was rather incoherent. He promises to forward some money to Mr. Abell in a few days, though he admits being rather impecunious just at present. We attempted to detain him in order to get more facts in regard to his peregrinations, but he started off as if he were afraid of missing a train. Readers of the JOURNAL are well aware that "collectors" for this St. John School have made it notorious and themselves disgraceful. Sometime ago two of these "agents" were found drunk in the gutter, in a town in New Hampshire. They had been spending the money which charitably disposed people had contributed for the very benevolent purpose of educating the deaf. They were taken to jail, and afterwards fined. Their fine was promptly paid from the St. John School fund which they had accumulated. Now, this William Teed may be all right in every respect. He may be as sober as he certainly is intrusive in his efforts to relieve the charitably inclined of their spare dimes and quarters. But the fact remains that after travelling around for several months, he has no money left and has sent none to the school. So far as we know, the St. John School may be a necessity and a worthy object of charity. As it receives little or no aid from the Canadian Government, aid from individuals is indispensable. Yet there is a school at Fredericton and another at Halifax, both of which are of sufficient capacity to accommodate all the mutes of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Neither of these schools have sent agents to the United States to worry and swindle the public.

The present number of the JOURNAL is well filled with deaf-mute news from the various parts of the country. Deaf-Mutes who subscribe, generally are well posted upon all matters relating to their class. We have recently secured reporters who will send letters regularly from Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and Washington. They are all well educated gentlemen, and their writings will be a decided addition to the correspondence heretofore published. The JOURNAL is bound to keep up with the times. Its claim on deaf-mute support is based upon the good it does. We hope they will recognize the fact, and give it the liberal encouragement which it deserves. There are enough educated deaf-mutes in the United States to support half a dozen first-class newspapers. Let those who have not yet subscribed rally round the JOURNAL, and they will find it beneficial to them and to their brethren everywhere. It will add to the power and influence of the JOURNAL and will increase the advantages of the deaf and dumb.

THE Boston deaf-mutes are now engaged in raking over the record of Mr. George A. Holmes. We understand this gentleman is not getting the fair play which every man deserves. The whispered conclaves at the Sherman House, in which a petition for a mass meeting made by a prominent deaf-mute was sat down upon, is out of order in a matter that affects the reputation of any individual. We are neither for nor against Mr. Holmes, but we are very strongly in favor of fair play.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Joshua T. Mason, of Bloomington, Ill., is a carpenter by trade.

Will Mr. G. W. Steenrod, of Wheeling, send his address to "Hypo."

Miss Jane Campbell, formerly of Colorado, left Lewis Center for Houston, Texas, on the 19th of this month.

Robert Arnold wishes his friend W. W. Swartz to be present at the picnic at Shickshinny, Pa., on the 27th inst.

Mr. Spy, you are respectfully notified that "Hypo," will be in your city next week and will paint the town vermilion.

Mrs. William Johnson, of Northfield, N. J., would like to know the address of Miss Lizzie Hull through the JOURNAL.

A man sometimes loses his voice from excessive smoking, but locomotives are never troubled in that way.—*Newburyport Daily Germ, Aug.* 25.

An Illinois correspondent writes:—"Many friends will regret to learn of the death of Miss L. Gottschalg. She was a very estimable lady, much loved by her friends and neighbors."

On the middle of September, Jacob Stafflinger, of Buffalo, N. Y., returned from Medina, N. Y. He was on a short visit to Roger McGrath, of Medina, who has gone to the Rome school.

Miss Jane A. Romeyn, of Glenville, N. Y., had a splendid time at a picnic at Hoffman Ferry, N. Y., on the 12th of this month. She expects to attend the deaf-mute service in Albany next October.

The many friends of Miss Annie B. Elliott, of this city, will be glad to know that she is much improved in health, and expresses herself as being delighted with the hospitality of the people of Virginia.—"*Society Chat*" *in Washington Herald.*

On Sunday afternoon last, Misses Eva L. Demers and Martha Hunter, of Lansingburgh, N. Y., in company with a gentleman friend, took a drive to Sand Lake, a distance of ten miles, and returned home the next day. They report having an enjoyable time.

Our readers will remember that at the baby show held at the Potsdam fair a year ago a child of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Winslow, deaf-mutes, took the first prize, a Davis sewing machine. This child died last week, after a brief illness, and was buried on Saturday.—*St. Lawrence Herald, Potsdam, N. Y.*

Mrs. Harriet Hamlin, Schenectady, N. Y., while on a visit to her father, in Glenville, N. Y., died of consumption, on the 6th of this month. Rev. Mr. Griffith, of Schenectady, officiated in the Glenville Church on the 8th. She was buried in the Glenville Cemetery. She was a cousin of Miss Jane Ann Romeyn, a deaf-mute.

A small company of mutes from Beverly and Salem, to the number of twenty-five, drove to Chebacco Pond, a distance of ten miles, in large express wagons belonging to the Beverly school. They passed the day in rowing, swinging and chatting. Coming home, the party passed through Beverly Farms, a place noted for its wealthy residents, elegant residences and beautiful views and drive-ways. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the celebrated writer, passes his summers there.

Miss Alice Blair, her father and Mrs. Laura V Moyer were the guests of their sisters, Mrs. Zimmerman, Mrs. Blair, of Sutton, and Mrs. Bunk, of Harrisburg, Pa., on the 25th of August, and spent a week with them. They have had a very pleasant time. Mrs. Mary Blair invited all her sisters to her house where they had a nice watermelon party. They were greatly surprised and pleased. Mr. David Blair moved to Steelton last March, and is working with Mr. Zimmerman as a steel worker. When Miss Alice Blair returned to her home, she was very sick with cholera and typhoid fever, but has recovered. She says that she likes to live in Clear Spring, Md.

Mr. Spy Corrects Himself.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In the last issue of the JOURNAL, I made a big mistake, in saying that Miss Nettie Weil was the guest of Mr. McKinney during her sojourn in this city. It should have been written that the lady was the guest of Miss Susie McKinney. Please make a correction in the next issue.—MR. SPY.

A Goverment Botanist in Raleigh.

Mr. Jerald McCarthy, a distinguished scientist in the employ of the United States Government, came some time ago to North Carolina to make a collection as nearly complete as possible of all the plants in the State for the Goverment's museum at Washington. The Board of Agriculture was fortunate enough to induce him to make a duplicate of every specimen for the State Museum. This will be a great step forward toward making the North Carolina flora the best known in the Union.

Mr. McCarthy is here to-day. He is entirely deaf, but talks plainly and pronounces correctly. To carry on a conversation with him, you have to write what you wish to say.—*Raleigh, N. C., Chronicle.*

RAILROAD RECORD FOR 1884.

VICTIM NO. 36.

Daniel Kershner, an old resident of Tuscarora, Pa., and for several years postmaster of the town, was struck by a train while he was walking to Patterson, on the railroad, Friday morning last, and injured. Mr. Kershner is deaf, and did not hear the train approach. His injuries resulted fatally on Saturday. He was sixty years of age.

VICTIM NO. 37.

Mr. A. F. Roberts, the owner of Cameron mills, near Alexandria, Va., was instantly killed by a train on the A. & F. R. W. Mr. Roberts had been deaf for many years.

John Kipp, of New York City, died last week.

George W. Davis, of Milton Mass., is sick with pains in his joints.

Mr. Samuel Cross of Beverly, Mass., has been rusticating in New London, N. H.

We wish to inform the writer of "Indiana Items" that it is a waste of time, paper and postage stamps, to send items without informing us who they are from.

Mr. A. F. Osgood of Natick and N. Field Morrow, of Louisville, Ky., but now a student at Washington, paid Mrs. Swett, of Beverly, Mass., a visit of nearly two days. The first day, M. Samuel S. Cross treated them to a sail about the harbor, passing around Marblehead Neck and Salem Willows. The next day, the gentlemen with Mrs. Swett's family, Mr. Cross and Mr. Chapman drove to Nahant, or Lynn Beach, in a small barge, and, having time to spare, the gentlemen indulged in a bath in the surf where many other speaking were people bathing. Shortly after they turned their faces towards home, but when within three miles of Beverly, were overtaken by a violent rainstorm accompanied by lightning and thunder, which in no wise dampened their spirits.

A Mute Jailed for Stabbing.

George Bennett was tried in the Criminal Court this morning on the charge of assaulting Andrew McLaughlin with intent to kill him. Bennett, who is deaf and almost dumb, went into the saloon of Andrew McLaughlin, 144 East Pratt street, about 3.40 a. m., where he obtained four glasses of beer. McLaughlin wrote on a piece of paper asking him for twenty cents. Bennett then drew a Barlow knife and drove it into McLaughlin's side, inflicting a wound in the groin half an inch long. He then lunged at John T. Kirby, whom he missed. At the time Bennett appeared to be somewhat crazed. Bennett said that he had not asked for the beer, and that they were trying to take his money and hat from him when he stabbed McLaughlin. Had it not been for the readiness of Deputy State's Attorney Campbell in the use of the sign language Bennett's testimony could hardly have been taken. Judge Phelps sentenced him to four months in jail.—*Baltimore Day, Sept.* 18.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

ALL SOULS' MISSION, PHILADELPHIA.

In the absence of Rev. Mr. Syle, services will be conducted by Prof. Hitchcock, in St. Stephen's *Sunday School Room*, on September 28th, at 3.30 P.M., and on October 5th at 2.30 P.M. Particular attention is requested to the *place* and to the *change of hour* as usual at this season.

On October 15th, there will be Holy Communion at 9 A.M., and service *in the church* at 2.30 P.M., after which the Bible Classes will be re-opened.

During the Pastor's vacation, his father, Rev. Dr. Syle, 609 Walnut St., or Rev. N. H. Briggs, 322 Richmond St., Kensington, may be called on when a clergyman is needed. Messrs. Cullingworth, McKinney, Warden, and the Treasurer of the Guild will attend to business matters.

Mr. Syle expects to be back about Thursday, October 9th. His address will be at his office, 517 Locust Street, 10 A.M. to 12.30 P.M.

It is purposed to hold a service in signs, Rev. Anson T. Colt officiating, in St. Mark's Church, Tarrytown, on Sunday, Sept. 28th, at 3. 30 P.M.

All are cordially invited to attend.

RICHMOND, VA.

DEAR EDITOR:—I take the opportunity of sending you some items bocut the mutes, to be printed in your exaellent paper which is called DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Mr. Chiles will return to the city from a visit to his relatives in Caroline County, Va., soon, and will begin to work at the Richmond Cedar Works, (which were formerly in Manchester, Va., and were destroyed by fire on the 28th of February, 1884,) in this city, on the 1st of next month. The works were unable to commence work on the 1st of this month, on account of not being completed.

I clipped the following from a newspaper: "Master Frank Lindsay, a deaf-mute typo in this office and at one time editor of the "*Deaf-Mute News,*" in Staunton, Va., will begin the publication of a little paper entitled "The Children's Friend," September 15th. It will be a semi-monthly paper devoted to reading suitable for the young. The subscription price will only be 25 cents a year.—*Kernersville (N. C.) News.*

Here's our hope, Frank—good luck. We know you will succeed.

Mr. H. Anderson, of Baltimore, was in West Point, Va., a few weeks ago. Hannie, why did you not come to this city to visit?

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Michaels and child came to the city to see his (Mr. M.'s) mother, who was very ill, last week. Last Tuesday evening, they left here for Goshen, Va., where their home is located, and they will then go to Little Rock, Ark., (where Mr. J. W. M. has secured a position as teacher at the Arkansas Institution,) to reside, next Saturday.

The Virginia Deaf-Mutes' Association will probably be held in this city next year.

The deaf-mutes of this city expect to attend the services of Rev. Job Turner, in this city and Manchester, on the 28th of this month.

Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Martin, of Cincinnati, O., were in the city last Monday.

I will attend the great Robinson Circus on the 25th of this month.

Mr. W. F. Johnston came to the city to see his mother, who was very ill, last July. But she died after he went home.

Sept. 18, '84. J. H. H.

NOTICE.

A meeting of the "Guild of Silent Workers" will be held in the Sunday School of St Annis Church on the eveninig of September 30th.

CHAS. BRYAN,
Secretary,

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Class of '89.

PERSONALS.

(*From our Washington Correspondent.*)

Once more we find ourselves within the classic walls of "Old Kendall," and rest our eyes on the familiar scenes. There are few things more pleasant than the meeting between old college chums after the long summer vacation. The hearty grip, the jovial "How d'ye do," the familiar clap on the back, and the resurrection of old jokes and pranks, in which they have been joint partners, warms the heart as nothing else can. Rejoicing, however, is for many of us mixed with sadness for some faces that have become familiar to us by long years of pleasant association. The members of the class of '83, the star class, as regards scholarship, and a pleasant class to keep company with, have at last pocketed their sheepskin, and made their bow and exit from among us. Two of them, Messrs. Veditz and Robinson, have already secured positions commensurate with their acknowledged abilities; the other two have not yet settled definitely on any vocation, but, whatever they do, and wherever they go, may success accompany them and crown their efforts. Besides the class of '84, three others —Messrs. Harah, Marsh and Robertson— will not return, presumably on account of ill health.

A delegation of eight new students from Iowa were the first on the ground. These came direct from the Iowa Convention, and arrived last Saturday. There were thirty applicants for admittance, and of these about twenty-five have arrived. The Entrance Examinations began on Wednesday morning, and continued throughout the day, with an intermission for dinner. Of those examined, nineteen passed and were admitted to the Introductory Class, while only two failed. This is certainly a creditable showing, and members of the faculty say that the class is one of the most promising that ever entered on the college course. Much will be expected of it, and it remains with the class to justify, by its work, the favorable first impression it has made.

No changes, worth noticing, have been made about the buildings or grounds during the summer, but an appropriation will probably be asked for, this year, to build a much needed addition to the Primary Department.

Mr. Bryant, the Institution carpenter, has vacated the old Kendall mansion, and Mr. Ballard, of the Primary Department, will live there. Prof. Gordon will occupy the vacant cottage on Faculty Row, and Prof. Hotchkiss will move into Prof. G.'s old quarters. Arthur Bryant, the Drawing Master, will hereafter board in the College.

Emeritus-Professor Porter, having been relieved from the class-room work, his classess have been apportioned among the other professors. Prof. Fay takes English Literature; Prof. Gordon, Intellectual Science; and Prof. Hotchkiss, Rhetoric and Logic. Prof. Draper will take the class in Geometry, which formerly recited under Prof. Gordon.

Prof. Hotchkiss, who has been staring it in Germany, has not yet returned. He is expected to arrive in about two weeks, and the students have decided to give him a grand reception, and have appointed a committee to make the necessary arrangements.

Profs. Gordon and Chickering attended the session of the "American Association for the Advancement of Science" last week, and both of them read interesting papers on Deaf mute Education. Prof. Chickering was elected one of the secretaries of the Association.

Gerald McCarthy, of '86, has spent the summer collecting plants in North Carolina, for the Board of Agriculture. He has been very successful, and has discovered several new species. He will have an interesting collection on exhibition at the Inter-State Exposition, which opens in Raleigh, on the first of October. The Raleigh *Chronicle* speaks of Mike as "the distinguished scientist."

The most important of all the college societies, the H. O. S. S., was the first to organize. At the annual secret conclave, held this evening, the following board of officers was elected:—Grand Mogul, P. J. Hasenstab, '85; 1st Consul, A. Berg, '86; 2nd Consul, O. Hanson, '86; Grand Scribe, S. G. Davidson, '85; Lictors, W. Brookmire, 85, and Dantzer, '86; Stor Marskalk, F. Morrow, '85; Herald, C. Kerney, '85; Skifvare, Mr. Gross, '88; Grand Donnerkeil, Mr. Adams, '86; Cerberus, Mr. Boland, '88. Those new students who desire to make the acquaintance of the mysterious animal, will be given an opportunity to do so next Saturday.

The smallest student, this year, is young Washburn, a son of Congressman Washburn, of Minnesota. There is very little of him, but that little is good.

Lyons, of '87, has returned from his trip to the "ould country," accompanied by a Mr. Magiun, of Cork, who has entered the Introductory class.

Mr. J. B. Wight is the recipient of many congratulations. He is the happy father of a bouncing boy. Mother and child are both doing well.

The "Ducks" were seen making for the swimming pool as soon as examinations were over.

Quite a crowd collected around the examination room, at 9.30 P.M., Wednesday evening, and guyed the "Ducks" as they marched out.

Berg, '86, sports a white plug.

The average student gives fish stories a rest this year, and contents himself with talking politics.

It is said that both Veditz and Robinson, of last year's class, are engaged to be married.

As only Professors Porter and Hotchkiss have rooms in the College this year, they will take their meals with the officers and teachers of the Primary Department, in the Primary dining-room. The Senior class has taken what was formerly the professors' table.

GASTON.

Sept. 20, 84.

Hartford School Notes.

MR. EDITOR:—I am sure that the deaf mutes of New England are longing to hear of something from their *Alma Mater.* I embrace this opportunity to send what news I can glean to them to the JOURNAL.

On the 11th inst., the school term commenced. School was opened punctually after a preliminary meeting of the Instructors.

A pretty good number were in attendance in the chapel on the first schoolday. Classification was gone through immediately after devotion. As usual, the parting of pupils from their former classes and teachers caused some tears, and the assigning of new teachers to some caused joy.

In consequence of the demise of Prof. R. S. Storrs, A. S. Clark has been assigned to his room, he, of course, teaches the first class. Misses Kellogg and Mann teach the new pupils, many of whom are bright.

At the end of the term, Miss Read, the Articulation Department resigned, expecting ere long to be united. As work in that department has not begun yet, I can say nothing of Miss Read's successor. The vacancy in the corps of instructors caused by the death of R. S. Storrs, has been acceptably filled by the appointment of Prof. Simeon T. Walker, late of the Philadelphia Institution.

Mr. J. E. Crane, who, it was feared, would not be able to walk to teach, has come back from the lumber State, and is now in harness. We are thankful that he is able to assume the labor of the school room. His services are very much appreciated, especially in the class room. The other teachers have assumed their duties, and are faithfully at work.

It was very kind in Mrs. G. A. Converse to undertake the trouble of preparing four new deaf-mutes to be brought to school. She was not content to send them, but came along, taking special motherly care of them. Indeed she valued the benefit of education and watched the progress of the four children that she might carry home to their parents a satisfactory report.

Certainly she was delighted to pay a visit to her Alma Mater. Her teachers were not tobe seen, most all of them have passed under the power of the reaper's sickle.

Mrs. Converse very much suprised Mr. and Mrs. Weeks with a short call at their residence, where she found her old classmate, Miss Margaret Allen, of Kendall Green, Washington, D. C., with whom Mrs. C. entered upon a bosom chat.

Mrs. Converse was requested to take tea at Mrs. Weeks' house, which invitation Mrs. C. accepted, and the next day she was there. The talk of the school days of the two ladies was very interesting.

The only surviving daughter of Mrs. John R. Keep, Miss Lizzie Keep, was wedded to Mr. Geo. W. Avery, the attending physician at the American Asylum, on the 17th inst.

Mr. Amos Ladd, on his homeward return, brought his bride to pay a visit to their Alma Mater. It was a brief one, for Amos had to return home.

The younger of the Marrs, hailing from Maine, is now visiting the Hartford School. He is much changed in appearance for the better. Being out of work, on account of the dull times, he is seeking work, and is anticipating a place near Hartford. He is by occupation a stone-carver, as is his elder brother, also a deaf-mute.

Mrs. W. H. Weeks expects soon to take a journey to the Hudson River, and pay a visit to her relatives in Peekskill, N. Y.

The death of Prof. R. S. Storrs has cast a gloom upon all round, for he was well known and respected. It is best to say "Thy will be done." The manner of his death has been reported and some exaggeration in deaf-mute circles are in vogue. In order to prevent such exaggerations, I shall say that he shot himself through the right temple in a fit of insanity, during the tyrannical hour, when he had such a hard headache. No mirror was used, and he shot himself without any hesitation.

In conclusion, he was a devoted and an enterprising teacher, a very dutiful son, a beloved brother and a most influential townsman.

Truly yours,
YAROOK.

New Jersey.

A proposed new society is under consideration among the deaf-mutes living in Orange and its vicinity, to be organized in a short time—to be called the Orange Deaf-Mute Literary Society. There are 25 mutes living in Orange. A few are at the New Jersey School, who will graduate next year. The following deaf-mutes, who do not belong to any society, say they will join: Messrs. Patrick Ford, Henry Buhler, Charles West. Mrs. Phebe Bowdish, and Mrs. John W. Ackley. This society will not be in opposition to the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society, as many Orange members will belong to both. It is reported that they will have their meetings on Saturdays to accommodate the Hudson County N. J., deaf-mutes as the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society will not. Several leading deaf-mutes will be called upon to help them in their organization.

Alfred H. Bousfield had a merry time on his 23d birthday.

Miss Sarah L. Harper says that James W. Nash will spend November in Morganville, N. J.

Frank C. Lenox, of Orange, will visit Mrs. John Bennett, of Northfield, N. J., next Sunday.

Miss Carrie Meilsbach, of this city, said she went to Orange last Sunday and had a pleasant time.

Miss Mary Somers reported that she had a pleasant visit at New Brunswick, N. J.

MARCHIONESS.

Connecticut Stews.

Two weeks ago, a reception was given to Miss Annie Fahy, of Pittsfield, Mass., at her sister's house in Meriden. It was very brilliant, and refreshments were served. The guests enjoyed themselves very much, and the reception broke up late in the night. Among the invited guests present were Messrs. Herman Erbe, of Southington; John Muth, of West Meriden; R. D. Livingston, Peter Geisler and his wife, and several other ladies.

Peter Geisler and his family have removed to their new house on 385 Pratt St., Meriden. The house is very fine and new. They are well known to be very generous and kind to any one who visits them. Mr. Geisler made two weeks' visit in Boston last August, and returned home.

John Muth has returned to Meriden, last Sunday evening, from a visit in Springfield and other places.

John W. O'Neil has been on a visit to his friends in Meriden for nearly a week, and returned to his home in Thorndike, Mass., last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Ould have returned to Thomaston from their visit to Meriden, New Haven and Ansonia.

It is reported that J. S. Marsh, formerly of Boston, Mass, and lately of Thomaston, has secured a nice cottage in Bristol.

Miss Mary Quinn, of Hartford, works in New Britain in the role of a seamstress.

Miss Julia Smith, of New Britain, has not yet returned home from Maryland. It is said that she expects to fill Miss Anna Barry's place as teacher in the Maryland Institution.

Mrs. Mortimer W. Seaman, on the eve of departing for Bridgeport, entertained her friends with a party in Waterbury, and it was a decided success. In fact, one of the young ladies electrified the gentlemen with her presence, for her beauty and fascination. Her name was Miss M. Derham. The party closed at one o'clock in the morning. The following invited gentlemen were Messrs. Jno. Muth, Herman Erbe, R. D. Livingstone, and several hearing gentlemen, and about fifteen ladies.

Messrs. Herman Erbe, W. J. Munger, Wm. Cook and R. D. Livingstone took the steamer from New Haven about two weeks ago, and the boat rolled past Stony Creek, New London, Fisher Island, Stonington, Watch Hill, Block Island and reached Newport, R. I., and found carriages awaiting them, and they were brought to the Ocean House, where an elegant dinner was served. Then they were invited to visit the Casino, Polo ground, and Purgatory. At the Casino several young ladies asked them to play lawn tennis, which they did. After the game was over, three of the ladies invited them to their elegant mansions Bellevue Avenue, and they entertained the travelers nearly an hour, then the ladies accompanird the travelers in the yacht to Ida Lewis light house and they were introduced to Miss Ida Lewis, the heroine, who saved two soldiers from being drowned some ten or fifteen years ago. More than half an hour passed, and they returned to the Ocean. The next day they left for Rocky Point and Providence, and they arrived in New Haven at two o'clock in the morning.

Mortimer W. Seaman has secured a good job in Bridgeport.

Mrs. Finnimore, of Lawrence, Mass., has made nearly a month's visit to Mrs. R. D. Beers, in Bridgeport, and has gone home recently.

The Deaf and Dumb Institution.

The session of the Provincial Deaf and Dumb Institute, at Belleville, opened yesterday under very favorable auspices. During the summer recess the class-rooms and other departments have been thoroughly cleaned and renovated, and the Institute and its surroundings are in a healthy condition. As usual, the teachers and officers have been sent to all the places of rendezvous for the pupils, where they take charge of the several divisions of the "silent community" and escorted them to Belleville. Mr. J. B. Ashley, one of the staff, arrived in Peterborough on Tuesday, and Wednesday morning met all the children coming from the Muskoka and intervening sections at the Midland depot here. He gave them a good dinner at the Queen's Hotel, and otherwise looked after their comfort and welfare before the train left at 2 P.M. The total attendance this session is expected to reach 250 or more. Every arrangement is complete for the comfort and convenience of the pupils, and parents may rest assured that their little ones are well cared for while being instructed. The Institute, under the efficient superintendency of Mr. R. Mathison, is doing a noble work for the Deaf and Dumb of this Province.—*Peterborough, Ont., Examiner.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK

A grandson of the great Henry Clay was shot dead by a Louisville, Ky., saloon keeper.

Yale College has changed its curriculum so as to give students a wide range of choice as to studies.

Rioting, to a certain extent, is going on in Brussels, Belgium, on account of religious teachings in the public schools.

A well known journalist of Washington, named William Beach Hazelton, has been declared insane after astonishing his friends with his visionary schemes.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph Company will at once spend $1,500,000 on a line to the Northwest and another to the South Atlantic cities.

The steam tug Reserve, with two pontoons of 175 tons floating capacity each, arrived at the wreck of the Tallapoosa yesterday morning. When the other pontoons arrive from the wreck of the State of Maine an attempt will be made to raise the sunken vessel.

The British gunboat Wasp was wrecked off Tory Island, on the northwest coast of Ireland, on September 23d. Fifty-two of the men on board were drowned. Among this number all the officers were included. Only six persons were saved. On the rocky coast where the disaster occurred it was impossible to use small boats in the attempt to rescue the ship's crew. The Wasp had a registered tonnage of 465 tons and carried four guns.

THE reports from different parts of Italy, for the twenty-four hours ending Tuesday last, give a total of four hundred and thirty-five fresh cases of cholera and two hundred and sixty-five deaths. The city of Naples continues to be the centre most seriously afflicted. There were two hundred and fifty-one fresh cases and one hundred and fifty-two deaths there, and four suspected cases in the city of Genoa. One man died in the lazaretto at Rome. He had recently come from Maccarese, not far from Civita Vecchin. Eighty fresh cases of cholera developed yesterday, in the province of Alicante, Spain, and one in Tarragona, Spain. In the latter province there were four deaths and in the former ten.

A great steamship has recently been launched at Glasgow, Scotland. She is called the Etruria, and will be the giant of the ocean. She will be added to the list of Cunarders now running between New York and Liverpool. She is 520 feet long, 57 feet 3 inches in breadth, and her depth to the promenade deck is 49 feet. Her tonnage is 8,000. She is entirely built of steel throughout and is not classed in any of the societies, being built to the owner's requirements, which are in excess of requirements of the rules for any class. The vessel is divided into ten watertight compartments, most of the bulkheads being carried up to the upper deck and fitted with water-proof doors, giving access from one part of the ship to the other. By this arrangement the danger of fire spreading, should it break out in any division of the ship, is removed as far as possible, and greater safety is obtained by being able to isolate any department for sanitary purposes or in case of damage to the hull and the compartment being flooded.

THE attention of the Dominion government has been called to the manner in which the chiefs of the South Piegan Indians are extorting money from Canadian ranchmen for permitting them to drive their stock of cattle purchased in Montana across their reserve. Canadian ranchmen purchase large herds of cattle in Montana, which are driven through the South Piegan reserve (new agency) into the Canadian northwest, about eighty miles west of Fort McLeod. On every head of cattle the Indians demand a payment of ten cents, and if the money is not immediately handed over, cattle are lassoed and shot until the owners agree to pay the ten cents per head on the remaining cattle. A gentleman who owns a large ranch, reports that in order to avoid the payment of the fees demanded by the Indians, one ranchman has followed a trail further west, which makes his journey ten days longer. He reports that the South Piegans are in a state of starvation, which may account for their resorting to such means to secure food. He states that they cannot show any authority for making the demand, and believes that the United States government is not yet aware of what the Indians are doing. He further reports that the United States officers do nothing to prevent it.

ON Friday last, a twelve year-old girl, of Framingham, Mass., packed a valise with diamonds and negotiable bonds to the amount of $60,000, belonging to her mother, a wealthy lady of the place, and started for Boston to meet a young man and elope with him. She was arrested, however, on Saturday, the valuables were recovered and the girl was taken home. The amount was divided as follows:—$15,000 in bank bills, three $1,000 United States bonds, $7,000 worth of diamonds and $35,000 worth of railroad stock. The girl's name is Sadie Robinson and she is a daughter of C. E. Robinson. Sadie's mind has been filled with nonsensical ideas about runaway marriages. When charged with stealing the valuables she at first indignantly denied it, but subsequently confessed. She said that on Friday morning she took the valise with her when she went to school in Boston and had given it to a woman. She told a blood-curdling story of having her life threatened unless she complied with the demand for money. She said she met the woman in the Albany station and gave her the valise contianing the valuables. The valise and valuables were recovered in a drug store where Sadie had left them, promising to call for them to-day. She confessed that she loved a young man, whose name she refused to give, and had taken the money with the intention of eloping.

JERRY MCAULEY, the converted prize-fighter and ex-convict, known throughout New York City as "the evangelist of the slums," died last week of hemorrhage of the lungs. The life of the man was a strange one. He was the son of Irish parents, and was a denizen of the Fourth ward in its worst days. Among his associates were river pirates and the lowest thieves of the quarter. He was arrested on a charge of robbery, of which he always claimed he was innocent, although admitting that he deserved punishment for other offences. He was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. While confined in the jail he heard a man who was spoken of as the wickedest man in town tell how he had come to be converted and to reform. McAuley was greatly moved and made up his mind to go into the world a reformed man. First, however, he determined to serve out the whole of his term, although a pardon was proffered him. After leaving the prison he went among his old associates, but in a missionary capacity, and turned his attention to the low resorts and abandoned characters of the Fourth Ward. His work was so satisfactory that he was assisted to procure the little mission house in Water street, where service was regularly held. Then believing that he could be of more avail up town, he opened the mission in Thirty-second street, in charge of which he ended his life.

COLUMBUS.

Meeting of Trustees.

JOTTINGS ABOUT THE INSTITUTION.

(*From our Columbus Correspondent.*)

Our Board of Trustees held the first meeting of the term on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, and the *Evening Dispatch* gave an extended notice of their proceedings in its Thursday issue, in the following manner:

"Trustee Cherryholmes was the only absentee at the meeting of the Board to-day. In addition to allowing an estimate on the verandas now in process of construction, and a few othes bills, the Board authorized a contract with O. B. Galloway & Son to furnish the institution with meat for twelve months.

The new laundry building has been completed and is now in use; the conservatory has been repainted, and repairs about the roof of the institution are being made where needed. The interior has also been thoroughly renovated with paint and paper, and a Brussels carpet laid in the main hall, matting to be laid in the center, where the most walking will be done. The verandas and fire escapes on the south side of the east rear wing are approaching completion, and work on those on the west side has been commenced.

There are a larger number of pupils present now than at any time heretofore during the opening week, and it is expected there will be fully four hundred under instruction this term. Deaf-mute people, unlike the blind, are difficult to train in instrumental music, as their idea of keeping time is limited; hence there are no pianos or organs there belonging to the State. In the library is an old piano, which has been handed down from former years, but no one seems to know to whom it belonged originally. Two of the ladies employed there have their own pianos, which they use only when not on duty as teachers. The institution seems to be moving along quite smoothly with Superintendent Pratt at the helm, and accomplishing the objects for which it was designed. Dr. Scott, the veteran member of the Board, is one of the most indefatigable workers in the interests of the institution, and remains as long as there is any business to be attended to or suggestions to make"

Mrs. Julia Hanford, a sister of the wife of the late lamented Mr. Caruthers was theguest of Superintendent and Mrs. Pratt, of this Institution, during last week. Mrs Hanford is on her return way to Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, where she will resume her position as a teacher of music.

A new telephone box has been put up in the steward's office.

May you fare well in your new field, was the expressed wish of the friends of Miss Thompson, when she left on Monday night, last week, for the Illinois Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. How we do miss her.

It is now Grandma Buckland, of this Institution, whose married daughter has just presented her with a grandchild.

A thing that is looming up with great familiarity–the skeleton steeple of the new Methodist Church, which is building on the corner of Washington Avenue and Broad Street. As we see it from our school window, it seems to be in close proximity with our Institution.

Rev. Mr. Mann gave his friends at this Institution, a pleasant surprise-call last Friday. He had just arrived from Joilet, Ill., after making two young hearts happy in wedlock, and then, when train time was due, he proceeded on his way to fill his engagements. He will officiate here in November next, at which time Dr. Gallaudet will probably come and partake in the work.

One error often creates a series of errors. The other day one of our dailies printed the number of pupils in attendance at this Institution as 175, and then all the rest followed suit the next day. Just double the figures and you will have it about correct.

That all fools are not dead was evidenced afresh last week, by the leaving now and then of a trunk at our Institution, when upon it was plainly written for the Blind Asylum.

The Portsmouth, O., *Tribune*, of Sept., 17th, contained the following baseball item: "Mr. J. Rynn, of the Portsmouth Base Ball Club, will be a member of the Southern ball club that starts Nov. 16th, on a tour through the South."

Clarence W. Charles, a very fine June graduate of this Institution, enters the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C., this fall. Our Institution paper predicts for him a brilliant and successful career.

Miss Georgina Fox, whose marriage was announced in one of our summer numbers, married Mr. Silas Lewis, of Washington, Penn., a shoemaker by occupation, and who is highly spoken of by those who know him. Both are colored—one deaf and the other hearing. Prof. Stewart, of this Institution, called on them during his late drive through Oberlin, and found them comfortably and pleasantly situated.

Our work shops are overcrowded again this year. The latest outcome has been the forming of a broom brigade, which seems to doubly guarantee our safety from a visitation of the Asiatic cholera if ever any fears of its advent were entertained.

The second game played here between Columbus and the Athletics of Philadelphia, Mountain pitching, resulted in a drawn game—4 to 4. It was played out the next day. Dundon was put in the box again, and although he pitched a winning game and was supported in fine style, Columbus was outbatted by a score of 3 to 1. Next, the Baltimore come and made Columbus drop the ball in three successive games, one of which was a postponed one by the score of 2 to 5, 1 against 6 and 6 to 11. It begins to look as if our club will not be able to hold the second place in the association.

The directors of the Columbus Club held a meeting recently for consultation in regard to signing the players for next year. It is understood that an increase of salary was made all around. We hear Dundon was offered $1,400.

That boy Dundon acquitted himself grandly yesterday, and deserves the greatest of praise. He was put in to pitch after the team had almost become disheartened by reason of misfortune, and with everything against him he twirled the sphere with remarkable cunning. What more could we ask.—*Columbus Times.*

Politics in Ohio is at flood-tide. everything else seemingly going under.

The text—He hath made everything beautiful in his time," Ecc. 3 : 2—was the theme of Mr. Talbott's lecture last Sunday morning.

Frank Minego, was begniled into lengthening his visit over two weeks with his friend J. G. Miller, of Tippecanoe City. The voluminous recounting of the good times he had indicated a huge enjoyment of his visit there. Frank resumed his work in the Buggy Manufactory last Monday.

Mrs. Mary E. Miles, the mother of a former assistant matron of this Institution, died in the city a week ago. The papers speak of her as a woman of many lovely graces.

The Metropolitan Club of New York City, began the first of their series of games here on Sunday, the 21st. When it was over, the score stood, Columbus, 2 ; the Mets, 1.

The book-bindery is in full blast.

Miss Thompson arrived in safety at Jacksonville, Wednesday, and was met at the depot by Dr. Gillett, Illinois' Superintendent, and became the guest of his family until suitable arrangements could be made for her comfortable settling down.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT.

San Francisco.

On Thursday evening last, the members comprising the deaf-mute christain workers, gave a very pleasant social and literary entertainment in the Y. M. C. A. Parlors. Prof D' Estrella gave several comic recitations, which were well received.

Miss Lizzie Ross delivered a poem, "Barba," in the dumb language. An elegant supper, including ice-cream, cake, lemonade, etc, was served at 10 o'clock, and shortly before 11 o'clock the guests withdrew.

Mr. Harlan, "the eccentric Chemist," is reported to be engaged to an Indianapolis lady in Oakland, the marriage to take place in October. It is said to be a case of love at first sight.

Mr. Thomas Finnegan has gone to the Sierra Nevada Mountains, to work in the gold mines, on account of the dullness of business in San Francisco.

Mr. Martin Aronsohn returned home after a trip to Los Angeles.

Mr. Theo. Grady thinks that a mute ought to buy a farm rather than search for a job in San Francisco. If he comes out here, he may get a farm cheap ; they range from one dollar to three hundred dollars per acre. I say to him, come along and buy a farm ; for, in my belief, it is the most independent life on this coast, and, in fact, any where else.

It was reported in the JOURNAL, a couple of months ago, that Rev. Job Turner was coming to San Francisco. We hope he will enjoy himself to visit this wonderful city, having many costly and magnificent private residences, with artificial surroundings, and a fine climate. Of course, he will not be able to say that an eastern city is better than San Francisco.

WALLA WALLA & Co.

Boston Gleanings.

Rev. Samuel Rowe gave a very valuable and interesting sermon to an audience of about twenty-five deaf-mutes on the first cold Sunday of the season, September 14th.

Mrs. Sarah Lynae resumed her place as an instructor in the Bible Class. She has been a very valuable teacher in Christ ever since the Class organized, and many deaf-mutes became converted and encouraged by her aid. In order to show their gratitude, the deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity, who had been under her instruction, presented her with a duplex burner lamp worth $6, and $10 in money, at the Commencement of her summer vacation last June.

We wish her success during the forthcoming winter.

Miss Mary E. Carroll was united in matrimony to Mr. Amos A. Ladd at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Wise, of Cambridgeport, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 17th. Several deaf persons witnessed the wedding, and the presents were very useful. We wish them happiness, and turn our faces towards the next couple to come among us.

Another hearing of the committee of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society in regard to the removal of Mr. Holmes is expected next Wednesday evening, Sept. 24th.

Several deaf-mutes here regret having signed the petition against Mr. Holmes.

HUB.

CHICAGO.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB.

Watermelon Party.

VARIETIES.

(*From our Chicago Correspondent.*)

At the regular meeting of the Pas-a-Pas club, last night at the literary room of the Young Men's Christian Association building, all the members with the exception of Mr. Gerber were present. Mr. Heinlen, presding, and asked Mr. Codman, the secretary, to read the minutes of the previous meeting. As usual, the minutes were adopted without correction. Messrs. Adolph Jacoby and J. E. Gustin were admitted as members to the club.

The president ordered the election of new officers for the ensuing year. Messrs. Fraser and Angle were appointed by the president as tellers. Mr. Codman nominated Mr. Dougherty as a candidate for President ; Mr. Watson named C. C. C. for the same. Then the election was taken, Mr. Dougherty was elected by 12 to 3. Mr. Heinlen at once resigned his position and welcomed the new high officer. On taking the chair, he made a fine speech. For Vice President, Messrs. Angle and Heinlen were in the race, but Mr. Angle carried the second prize, by a vote of 10 to 4. For secretary, the names of Messrs. Codman, Mullen, Waston and "C. C. C." were put in the field, against their own wills and C. C. C. got 10 votes, Mr. Mullen, 4, and the others nothing. For Treasurer, Messrs. Buchan, Watson, Fraser were named as candidates for the office, and Mr. Buchan was re-elected by 8 ; Watson, 5, and Fraser, 3. A few short speeches were given by the new officers. It was a very interesting meeting. Taking into consideration that every body was satisfied with the effect of the election. Three city reporters were at the meeting, and in the morning the following pieces were printed : The *Daily Inter-Ocean*, of to-day : "The Pas-a-Pas club, an organization composed entirely of deaf-mutes, was permanently organized last night in the rooms of Young Men's Christian Association."

The Chicago *Daily Times* said :—"A small gathering of deep mutes, numbering about twenty gentlemen and half a dozen ladies, assembled last night in the literary room of the Young Men's Christian Association building, and perfected the final organization of a social and literary club. The membership list was started off with eighteen names and the club will be known as the Pas-a-Pas. Meetings will be held on the first and third Thursdays of each month. The club was officered as follows : President, George F. Dougherty ; vice president, C. Angle ; secretary, C. C. C., and treasurer, C. L. Buchan."

The water melon party at Mr. and Mrs. Cotton's, under the management of Mr. William Gibney, was brought to a close in a blaze of glory on Saturday evening, September 6th. Watermelons, musk-melons, peaches, pears, California grapes, lemonade, etc., were served on table. It was very well carried out, and a pleasant evening was spent till 3 o'clock A.M. Fifty-four persons present. Some parties have signified their intention of holding an oyster party in the near future, and the sport promises to be excellent.

Mr. Sidney H. Howard met with a serious accident the other day. He was knocked down by a horse and buggy on a cross-walk, while running very fast, throwing him to the ground. He received severe injuries and bruises on his face, and a bad cut on his left hand. The driver did not want to lose time, and hurried off.

Miss Lillie Hawes, a young and brilliant lady of Chicago, went to the Jacksonville School last Tuesday noon, with a sour face, but it is pleasant to say that she will return home wiser in the spring. Everybody misses her very much.

Miss Jennie Patten, of St. Louis, is again with her sister here.

Miss Ella Owen, a June graduate at the Jacksonville School, is spending her vacation with her sister here, and will return home next month.

Mr. William Gibney, returning home from our call last Tuesday evening, was mistaken for a burglar by a detective. He was taken to the nearest store for identification, and released with apologies.

Messrs. George T. Dougherty, Mathew Mullen and Wm. Gibney, visited Miss Preston at Englewood, a former pupil at the Michigan Institution, last Sunday. We were told that she would not go to school this fall, as she got a situation in Chicago.

C. C. C. Sundayed at Jefferson, Ill., visiting his grandmother and aunt.

Mr. Bowes, of Michigan City, Ind., was seen on the streets last night. He made a yarn that he would sue the Wabash Railroad Co. for his shares, and that he has put a bet of $500 on Cleveland.

"C. C. C." has agreed to send correspondence to this paper from Chicago regularly. We hope that those wishing to hear from our friends will at once subscribe for the JOURNAL.

Mr. Smith, of Kansas City, will come and throw a lasso around the neck of a fair daughter of Chicago some time in November.

About half a column will be given in this paper, if we are to be remembered.

Rev. Read gave his last sermon to us September 7th.

Rev. A. W. Mann and Rev. Chamberlain made a very interesting service at the basement of the St. James Church, on Tuesday evening, September 9th. We wish every one to know that Rev. Mann is to preach at the St. James Church, Sunday afternoon at 2:45, October 19th.

C. C. C.

CHICAGO, Sept. 19.

LOUISVILLE LACONICS.

A pleasant and harmonious meeting, satisfactory both to the lecturer, Rev. J. Turner, and audience, came off the 14th inst., at St. Paul's Church. Morning subject : Deut. 33 ; and evening subject : Matt. 24.

Quite a number of deaf-mutes were present considering his somewhat sudden and unexpected appearance, which could not be made known to all in so short a time.

Among those present was Miss Tillie Smith, of Winchester, Kentucky. From a bit of a little girl, she has developed into a fair young lady since we last saw her. She will resume her studies at the Kentucky Institution soon.

Miss Belle Beard, of Wilsonville Ky., was in the city last Sunday, but, owing to some inconveniences, she did not grace our meeting with her presence. She left for Danville, Ky., Tuesday morning, where she will teach school. We all wish her success in her new field.

Miss M. E. Fella, who has been rusticating and visiting relatives and friends in Troy, Leavenworth and Sharp's Mills, Ind., returned to us last week much improved in health and appearance. She was at the meeting, and all gave her a hearty welcome. She will take her post as Supervisor of the laundry at the Kentucky Institution next week.

Fred. Harris surprised us all Sunday afternoon. He just landed in the city from an extended trip to Virigina. He left for the Kentuoky Institution Tuesday, where he will finish his education. Success to you, Fred.

Mrs. A. Gibson will soon be in her new residence on West Jefferson St.—a nice frame cottage. Its airy rooms, healthful location and fine surroundings will soon draw lots of deaf-mute visitors.

A few weeks since Mr. G. Schoolfield and family and Mr. M. T. Long were in the city, and took in the exposition. They expressed themselves as being very much pleased, especially the latter, who was presented with a souvenir of it, representing Pres. Lincoln, made of bronze. It is very ornamental, and well worth the trip, as he says. He is the head gardener at the Kentucky Institution, and is an excellent lip reader.

Miss Delia, daughter of Mrs. Gibson, has been down with typhoid fever last week, but we are glad to say she is on her way to recovery now.

Franz Wolnitzek, of Texas, after a fruitless hunt for a job in some shoe-factory here, left for Cincinnati last week. He was educated in Germany.

Frank Berne, of Cincinnati, is in the city looking for work. He is a shoemaker by trade.

A. Osborn, of Shepherdville, Kentucky, was here last Sunday, visiting his Bluegrass beauty.

Our Exposition is in its meridian glory now. Enough has been said of it through the press to give the public an idea of its character, but I would like to add a few words for the benefit of the silent population. I will not dwell on the different products of the world, superb music, for I am no judge of it, but on the sight witnessed Tuesday night by me and my lady companion. After promenading through the different departments of displays, drinking in the wonders and curiosities thereof, we came out in the park, when our eyes feasted on fireworks. Imagine an area of thirteen acres covered with trees of all kinds and sizes, all ablaze with fireworks of all descriptions. Here and there they were seen arranged into peafowls, crosses, etc., rows of china lanterns ran from tree to tree, nearly all around the park, thus illuminating it by a light composed of all hues. This superb panorama was transported into an unearthly beauty, when a Drummond light was set off. My companion was evidently lost in wonder, for she leaned on my arm heavily, and at last looked up and asked, "Are we in Paradise?" Such is the "enchanted land" that when an ugly lover ask the idol of his heart, who had heretofore repulsed him for his deformity, a proposal, she would grant it without a moment's hesitation.

Sept. 16, '84. F. C.

THE MUTE.

Weep bitter tears. In this sad face
Expressive words have there no place.
And in the deep set eye is found
The sadness of the soul for sound.
There, Silence is a Monarch cruel,
Who sits in robes of black to rule.
And o'er his court a sombre pall
Of sadness overshadows all.

His restless will of iron in chains doth bind
The noblest musing of a fettered mind.
It crushes down the soul that tries to raise
Triumphant song its Author's name to praise;
And hushes Music when she seeks to throw
Her subtle charms, enchanting, soft and low,
Around his midnight world. So helpless bound,
He struggles with his very Life for sound,
Making mute fingers speak, "I thee defy,
And will have noble speech before I die."
Up springs the Tyrant, silent as his breath,
Then Writes—"To even *whisper*, here, is death."

Two Gods, who hover over every birth—
Bright, sparkling Speech, and happy, joyous Mirth—

Wept bitter tears;
Then silent flew
As falling dew.

NEW YORK.

Our Literary Associations.

JOTTINGS HERE AND THERE.

(*From our New York Correspondent.*)

Things hereabouts have been rather quiet since the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union's excursion. But since the cold wave vanquished its hot weather, which had reigned for the first part of this month, things have become livelier. The thermometer, which perished in averaging 92 degrees in the shade every-day, has at length condescended to be more sociable. The misery caused by the heat is horrible to contemplate. On one afternoon fifty dead horses were lying in the gutters of the Bowery, having been overcome by the heat and died in their traces. But the hot spell is now over, we having received a whiff from the tail end of a western cyclone, which has stuck to us ever since.

The great fall event in this city is the re-opening of the theatres. The present sensation is the "Seven Ravens," which is being performed at both the Star Theatre and Niblo's Garden. It is of the "Excelsior" variety, being made up of fairies, ballet girls, knights in armor and spectacular scenic effects. In the performance at the Star, the play opens with a dazzling scene of fairy land, the gorgeousness of the stage-effects taking the spectators' breath away. After this act, the grandeur of the play steadily diminishes. At Niblo's, with its immense stage, they present the play differently, the plot gradually unfolding till the climax is reached in the release of the seven ravens from the influence of the evil spirit, and they resume their human form. Their sister, who had been obliged to personate a deaf-mute for seven years, being at liberty to speak, and thus escape the death of a sorceress.

Deaf-mutes are beginning to return to town. The Manhattan Literary Association and the Catholic Literary Benevolent Union both opened on the first week in September. The new officers elected last June took their places in the Catholic Literary Benevolent Union.

St. Ann's church, which has looked rather empty during the services the two months past, is beginning to fill up again.

It is reported Louis Lyons, of Waco, Texas, formerly a pupil of Fanwood and a resident of this city, has become insane.

Sitting Bull Combination which is to exhibit at the Eden Musee this week were an interviewed by a reporter the other day, and among the other things the following is told. A little deaf and dumb white boy, who called on them watched them very earnestly for a long time, and then bowed politely to Sitting Bull and indicated with his hands that he was glad to see them. The old chief was delighted with the boy, and went through the boy's motions repeatedly.

The Combination, says the account, consists of the following persons besides Sitting Bull, Seen-by-the-nation Spotted Horn Bull, Grey Buffalo woman, Long Dog, Grey Eagle, Crow Eagle, Flying By, Good Sounding Iron, and Princess Red Spear. The account gives the interesting item.

At 2 o'clock the party dined on 17 bowls of soup, 15 plates of fish, 21 large sirloin steaks, a half peck of Irish potatoes, a half peck of sweet potatoes, 13 dishes of tomatoes, 26 ears of sweet corn, a quantity of fresh beans, 9 dishes of tapioca pudding, 15 plates of ice cream, 11 pieces of cake, and 22 cups of coffee. It was doubtless a square meal.

John Lloyd, Jr., is setting type on *Munsey's Illustrated Weekly*, the latest campaign paper.

The Brooklyn Society resumed business two weeks ago.

The Cincinnati Correspondent of the JOURNAL need not lay awake nights in respect to New Yorkers' boycotting the *Extra*. There is not a more miserable looking sheet in the whole city—it is only an evening edition of the *Tribune*, and looks—just as it is—a rat paper from a rat office.

Mr. John Page, of Montreal, Canada, was at the meeting of the C. L. B. U. last Wednesday. He was invited to say something, but asked to be excused.

The new officers of the C. L. B. U. are John F. O'Brien, President; J. D. Shelton, 1st Vice-President; Thomas Heydon, 2d Vice President; W. J. Reilly, Corresponding Secretary; John Lloyd Jr., Recording Secretary; J. P. Donohue, Financial Secretary, and Hon. J. Russell, Treasurer.

The Committee on Lectures and Debates were announced to be J. F. Donnelly, Chairman, and Wm. Ennis and J. H. Leonard.

For Auditing Committee, J. F. J. Tresch, P. Cassidy and Joseph Colby were asked to serve.

The report of the Committee of Arrangments of the recent excursion to Roton Point Grove, will be given to the Union the first Wednesday in October.

The annual fall engagement of "Beau" Barnes has again been trotted out.

W. J. Reilly called on his old chum and bosom friend, Dennis Sullivan, at Haverstraw, last Sunday.

C. W. Green, of Brooklyn, has left "misfits" Brussel, etc., and taken a trip down South.

Politics is occupying a front seat just at present in deaf-mutedom.

There is no deaf-mute working in the *World*. But John Cherry is objectionable man in that office and thinks he has a soft job.

Services have been resumed by Rev. Father Freeman at St. Francis Xaviers. From present indications the work of former years will be eclipsed.

It is rumored that a wholesale resignation has taken place in the Manhattan Literary Association.

The deaf-mutes who set type for a living in this city are happy just now. The Campaign has brought them wealth. The amount of Campaign literature being published just now is tremendous, but the typos are all smiles as they sling in the leads and quads, and dream of good times coming.

A Nut for New Englanders to Crack.

DEAR SIR:—One Philo W. Packard, of Salem, Mass., wrote a letter, dated September 6th, setting forth the herculean labor of John T. Tillinghast to save the New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes from a state of confusion. The letter should have been laid aside as a silly one.

But I wish to show up the comparative usefulness of the ex-presidents Thomas Brown and Wm. B. Swett. The association was started, with its object and aim to publish some paper of mutes' own, and also to furnish orations and addresses. It is needless for me to take you to review the field, where Mr. Thomas Brown labored amid most trying circumstances. He was so popular as to be elected every two years without opposition for twelve years, when I whispered him that rotation in office should be encouraged. He meekly stepped out in favor of George Wing as his successor. When the Morrison legacy fell on the association, Mr. Wm. B. Swett, then president, planned its use for some higher object as the society had abandoned the attempt of revising some publication. His Industrial Home Scheme met my utmost contempt. Now my mind in regard to the origin of the Beverly School has since been changed, as I realize how noble efforts Mr. Swett made to establish the school, and how mean acts Mr. Tillinghast has displayed in several instances, which come to light as time progresses. Formerly, the association furnished orations and addresses of much valuable information, now the members are fighting over a pyramid of motions and objections as they imagine themselves in a legislature hall. It is easy to get up a convention at some place where most of the mutes congregate. The association used to visit thinly populated places, to which most city brethren would not come. Mr. Thomas Brown has longed for its convention to come to his door, but the association danced in Indian style into other parts, holding the $500 in air which was bequeathed in New Hampshire, besides the society was formed in that State. At the Salem convention, Mr. Wm. H. Weeks, of Hartford, publicly told us that Rev. William Turner said that deaf-mutes, as a class, could not manage any business involving several thousand dollars successfully. As this is the opinion of a teacher and principal of long standing and much experience, Mr. Turner is excellent authority. What has John T. Tillinghast done to render the $500 useful to the cause of the society these nine long years? He was up heels and down head with the conventions within easy distance of a woman's home who was thought a fine poetical sign-maker. Indeed, the association is still in a state of confusion and good-for-nothingness. Its revised constitution, being two years old, sadly needs tinkering.

Yours Respectfully,
C. AUG. BROWN.

BELFAST, Sept. 19, 1884.

BALTIMORE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The account which Chas. J. Peregoy, who used to be our Corresponding Secretary, sent you about Mr. John Breen was made by himself. We did not know anything about it till it appeared in your paper. We noticed in the Philadelphia items in your paper of the 18th inst., saying "while we Baltimore boys were in Philadelphia, attending the Levee last Christmas, had been drinking excessively." All of that is untrue. Why did Mr. Breen write it, and does he think it will be a "hint" to us? Well, then, why did he not write to Mr. Peregoy first and demand an apology from him?

NOTES.

On the 29th of this month a surprise party will be given to one of our young deaf-mute ladies in the city, and a gay time is expected.

Mr. Jno. Dennis, of Washington, D. C., put in an appearance in the city, Sunday afternoon, and also attended church.

Mr. McElroy, President of the Peabody Literary Club, who used to be a very stout man like "The Two John Brothers," is now gradually coming to a slim man, like Yankee Doodle.

Mr. Louis Kampe, who had been spending several weeks in Philadelphia, returned home a few days ago, in better health.

Every one is well in the city, and the Society is going on better than it has been for years.

SEC'Y PEABODY LITERARY CLUB.

NOTICE.

There will be divine service at St. Ann's Chapel, Brooklyn, on Sunday, September 28th, at three o'clock P.M. Rev. H. W. Syle will officiate.

CINCINNATI.

THE GREAT PARADE.

Personal Cullings.

(*From our Cincinnati Correspondent.*)

The long-looked for parade took place last Wednesday night, and was the finest ever witnessed in Cincinnati. The whole mute community was out on the streets. A man walking along could see groups of mutes on various points along the route of the procession, discussing in a lively manner.

W. E. Branum, a mute teacher at the Knoxville, Tenn., Deaf-mute Institute, spent Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday in Cincinnati, and returned home on Tuesday evening. He was anxious to remain over and witness the parade, but had to go home according to promise. He reported his school to be in a highly flourishing condition, under the strict management of Superintendent Moses.

Miss Carrie Jasper, an intelligent semi-mute lady, of Nicholasville, Ky., was in the city last week, the guest of Dr. Thorpe, of Walnut Hill.

Mr. John H. Yeager and wife, of Danville, Ky., were among the Exposition visitors last week.

Leslie Whitaker, of Falmouth, Ky., would not miss the exposition for the world, and was accordingly here to inspect it last week.

Henry Runkel took a flying visit on an excursion train to New Richmond, O., two Sundays ago.

Miss Mary Knorr is still confined to her bed with rheumatism, and showed great patience in bearing her affliction, and sympathy was expressed for her.

At the last meeting of the Society a straw vote was taken in regard to the Presidential Candidates, and it resulted in the following vote, Blaine 17 ; Cleveland 15 ; Butler 1 and St. John 1.

Charles Champlin, the bad mute who was sentenced to the work house last fall for assult and battery, has completed his sentence and is out on the street. I hope he will be a better boy.

MERCURY.

Newark Society.

The Newark Deaf-Mutes held their regular meeting with Vice-President McDougal in the chair. After the roll call, the Vice-President offered a motion that the sick Committee be scratched out in the By-Laws, and stating his reasons that it is unnecessary, and no funds were provided in the society for that object. Secretary R. T. Bailey took the floor and explained its object and its usefulness, and that the society's friends is in no way connected with the matter. He deems it necessary to leave it where it is. The sick Committee should do all for the wants and comforts of the members, in case of sickness and poverty, a private collection should be taken up for that object. Mr. A. H. Bousfield took the floor in reply to Mr. Bailey that he cannot afford to see the funds suffer, and that the funds belong in the name of Literary only. Mr. Bailey, assured him he is correct. Mr. Bailey offered a resolution to create a fund to be known as a Benevolent Fund. He deems it necessary, and that private collection can be made from outside parties, provided the members would encourage him in the good work. Thomas R. Stewart took the floor, and said that a fund cannot be raised for ten years to come, even a hundred years, or even till we are in the grave. A. H. Bousfield offered a resolution that the matter be prolonged to some future date, seconded by Jastram. Carried by an unanimous vote.

John P. Cotter, Chas. Jastram and Miss Mary Lynch, were admitted as members of the association. Messrs. Craft and John Reilly were dropped from the roll as members for non payment of their dues.

Jastram immediately moved to adjourn, seconded by Wm. Ersinger. Put and carried. After adjournment, some of the mutes took for Military Park to catch a glimpse of Benjamin Butler, who is to speak, but Ben was not in sight.

North Carolina Items.

The writer just began the publication of the little paper called the *Children's Friend*, at Kernersville, N. C., but it has been suspended on account of being scarce of subscribers.

Miss Mary Penn, of Winston, N. C., who has been spending two weeks in Danville, Va., the guest of Miss Macca Harvey, returned last week. She reported having a good time.

The Raleigh Institution opened on the 9th inst., with an encouraging and prosperous attendance.

Walter L. Bingham, who has been summering at Warm Springs, in Western North Carolina, just left for Washington, D. C., where he will attend the National Deaf-Mute College.

Thanks to Mr. W. W. Brenaman, formerly one of the teachers of the Deaf-Mute Department, at Staunton Va., but at present editor of the Highland *Record*, for the complimentary notice about our little paper.

The writer, while in Winston, N. C., last week, had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Tom. Penn, who has a situation in the Salem Iron Works, at Salem, N. C. He says he is going to the New Orleans Exposition early in October, where he will remain two weeks. Wish him a pleasant visit.

FRANK LINDSAY.

KERNERSVILLE, N. C., Sept. 20, 84.

FANWOOD.

A Dangerous Thoroughfare.

COLLECTING FOR THE ST. JOHN SCHOOL.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The lane leading to and from Carmansville is becoming quite notorious as a dangerous thoroughfare for those who take that route after dark. Since the blacksmith shop was put up at the entrance to the grounds on Tenth Avenue and 162d St., rough looking men have made it their resort. Not long ago, the Institution gardener, generally known as Albert, was knocked down by some unknown person, in order to get his money. Albert immediately got on his feet, but his assailant had fled. Mr. Lechthaler, foreman of the Shoe Shop, and Supervisor Howell have also been boldly met by such men and asked for a dime or two, but only received sole leather from the former and a warning shake of the fist from the latter. How many more have been assaulted, we know not, but we remember an occurrence of a similar nature to some of our pupils a year or two before. The lane is quite dark and solitary, and it is hard to tell where these roughs might be lurking. Therefore, we caution all who go through this lane after dark to be prepared for such unexpected visitors.

Last Friday afternoon, William Teed, of St. John, N. B., came around pretending to be collecting money for the re-building of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, which was burned down in the great fire at St. John, N. B., in 1877. He handed us a card on which was printed the following:

GREAT FIRE.

AT ST. JOHN, N. B., IN 1877.

Wishing to obtain money to aid the re-building of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, which was burned in the great fire, we appeal to your kindness, sympathy and charity toward the unfortunate deaf and dumb, for pecuniary assistance in this object, which appeals so strongly to human sympathy.

WILLIAM TEED,
Authorized Agent.

A. H. ABELL,
Superintendent.

On the back of the card was stamped in red ink, "William Teed, Collector, Deaf and Dumb Institution." He is poorly dressed, and about twenty-five years old. The shyness of his actions and the slippery look about him led us to doubt whether he is really an authorized agent or a fraud. Can not some one in St. John, N. B., enlighten us on the matter?

It was once the boast of old graduates of having been the only mutes, who made a circuit of Manhattan Island in their boat "Evangelne." Last May, the grads. of '84, accomplished the feat the second time. Last Saturday morning, Messrs. W. Rose, Berray, Fosmire and Durian directed "Evangeline" down the Hudson for the purpose of taking the honors of the third place. Going down, the tide soon came in which proved a great difficulty to them, and were also met by the same difficulty when they went around the Battery up East River. At Kingsbridge, they almost gave way, but not until their hands were all blistered and their clothes all smeared with mud, did they get Evangeline over the eddy and then out into the Hudson again, finally arriving home about ten o'clock.

NOTES.

John H. Dundon, accommained by his college chum, Mr. C. O. Dantzer, of Indiana, made a short call last Thursday. Mr. Dantzer is a fine-looking young fellow.

J. C. Miller, of North Carolina, arrived last week, so did Willie Shanks, of Albany.

Messrs. Schmidt and Mitchell, made their parents and relatives believe they were going to school, really went to Albany to get work. They were two too many there, and found it wise policy to return to school.

The stairs of the stoop of the school building, on the boys' side, has been taken down and a new one substituted.

Messrs. Fosmire and Houck have been admitted into the High Class.

Dr. Peet's phonetic alphabet is receiving special attention. It is taught by both the deaf and hearing teachers.

Miss Frankie Hawkins arrived Sunday noon with her two charming cousins. Being disappointed in finding her teacher and sister members of the Jam Club had not yet arrived, she went to Brooklyn to stay with friends until October.

Willie Coombs was delighted by a visit from his father and little sister, on Sunday.

So was William Ecka, from his loving sister.

Little Johnny Ingebrand was elated with happiness as he related to us the unexpected visit from Mr. Fred R. Stryker and his former teacher, Miss Elizabeth Mitchell, at his home in Manhattanville, not long ago.

Messrs. Thos. F. Fox and George S. Porter have been appointed Prof. Currier's Assistant Librarians of the Teachers' Library. It will not be open until October.

Mr. Alex L. Pach, who has been at Pach's Ocean Grove gallery during the Summer, has been operator since Sept. 1st, and after two weeks' vacation which he intends spending on a tricycle tour, and in New York, he will go to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point and Williams College, to make the class of '85's pictures.

David Uprichards was at the Institution last Sunday.

Mr. L. A. Palmer, of the National Deaf-Mute College, visited Thos. F. Fox Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs John Wade, of Kingston, Ulster Co., are guests at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend.—*Sing Sing Republican, Sept.* 18. Mr. Wade was a Supervisor of the boys three or four years ago.

Peter Mitchell, of New York, has been stopping all summer with his brother, E. J. Mitchell.—*Sing Sing Republican, Sept.* 18.

Some of the officers and pupils witnessed the raising of the Washington Heights Campaign Banner at 162d St. and 10th Ave. Prof. Jones, while witnessing the display of fireworks attendant to the occasion, had his hat knocked off by a sky rocket.

Joseph H. Penrose, of Patterson, N. J., has been staying several days at the Institution as the guest of Supervisor Howell.

If reports are true, Miss Cora Moon will not return to school.

Frank Penrose has a bicycle valued at $140, and is anxiously awaiting its arrival by express every day.

Anthony Capelli, class of '84, of Hoboken, N. J., is setting type on a weekly at Perth Amboy, N. J.

Classification of the trades department took place Tuesday.

Last Monday afternoon the little boys emphatically declared they saw a tramp in the cottage hospital, and reported the same to the supervisors. The hospital was bravely ransacked, but no tramp could be discovered.

Jennie Williams spent Sunday with her sister in Newark, N. J.

Messrs. Geary and Miller are under the instruction of Prof. Thomas Fox all day now, preparatory to entering the National Deaf-Mute College.

It is getting so dark that the boys and girls are not permitted to go out doors after supper.

AQUILA.

SALT LAKE CITY.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—At the request of my friends in the East, who are desirous of learning through the columns of the JOURNAL what my impressions of the people and the city by the Great Salt Lake are, I cheerfully indite this letter.

After leaving Denver, the journey lay through the Great American Desert, a barren waste devoid of vegetation except scrubby bushes and the only thing that redeemed the scenery from dreary monotony was the giant Rocky Mountains with its rushing brooks, towering precipices and huge chasms. With such a preface in view, I was not prepared for the grand scene of lovely beauty, which burst upon my sight after entering the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Surrounded by mountains on nearly every side with the inland sea shining in the distance, the city lay upon a level plain nestling at the foot of the hills, forming a picture which has never failed to excite the admiration of tourists from every clime. The city is regularly laid out in squares, or blocks, as they call them out West, with broad streets adorned by trees of all kinds brought in seeds from all countries by order of Brigham Young, as this is a part of the treeless plain of America—a wise foresight, which enhances both the beauty of the city and the comfort of the citizens; for the heat is sometimes oppressive here, as was the case during my arrival. A small, sparkling stream from the distant mountains or springs, bubbling out of the ground, runs in a noisy, rushing manner through the middle of the streets or by the sidewalks. It must be remembered that this is a rainless region, and only by the science of irrigation was the place rendered habitable and productive by the first colony of Mormons. The Tabernacle, a huge, round-shaped building, in which the members of the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints" worship, contains the second finest organ on this continent, whichever city may claim to possess the first best. It is a big organ with immense power as I can testify from personal experience. These Mormons never do anything by halves, as witness their plurality of wives, number of offsprings, and their theatre, which, at one time, was considered the largest and most elegant in America. The theatre does not begin to play until half past eight and closes at half past eleven. They keep late hours out here, taking four meals a day on the average. Breakfast is served at 7:30 A.M., Lunch at 1:30 P.M., Dinner at 5:30 P.M., and Supper at 9:30 P.M. The city has a population of 30,000, the Mormons being in the majority, though the Gentiles, as outsiders are called, are brought daily in contact with them by business and other causes, and the most friendly intercourse exists between both classes. It is only a question of time when the system of polygamy will cease to exist, for with the increase of Gentiles, it must go, as it did in Missouri and Illinois. The Mormons are well aware of this fact, and though they may view the arrival of the Gentiles with anything but approval, they are the most generous and hospitable people in the world. Personally, I have met with nothing but the kindest treatment from them. For a week, I was the guest of a Mormon Elder, whose family made me feel at home. Now, I am domiciled in the bosom of the family of a member of the High Council, whose father, a famous apostle in his day, had several wives, with thirty-one children—fifteen sons and sixteen daughters. My host is contented with but one wife and seven children. There are ten newspapers published in the city, it has several banking institutions, the most famous being that of Wells, Fargo & Co., numerous stores and warehouses, both wholesale and retail. Its manufactures comprise woolen mills, paper mills, tanneries, foundries, flouring mills, sampling, smelting and refining works, breweries and shoe-factories. It has ten educational institutions, of which the University of Deseret stands at the head. The Mormons, contrary to popular belief, are not niggardly in educational matters. The city has seven churches of different denominations, Episcopal, Congregational, etc., and several benevolent, musical and secret societies. The public improvements are several street railways, gas-works, irrigation canals, warm sulphur springs, bathhouses, etc. It has three railroads in successful operation. The Great Salt Lake is about sixteen miles from the city, which is named after it. It is a great inland sea, whose origin is buried in mystery, and the subject of much learned discussion, as its saline property is ten times as great in density as that of the ocean. It has no visible outlet, and were it not for the strong process of evaporation which takes place very rapidly in this high latitude, the lake would be filled to overflowing by the numerous streams from the mountains and springs. It is a popular bathing place, excursions running daily in hot weather to that place. It has sometimes been called the Dead Sea of America, as no living thing could move and have its being there. One could not easily get drowned in the dense waters. One might float as lightly as a cork on its bosom. A bather had better look out, or his eyes might smart and his stomach turn sick, if they come in contact with the salty water. I will now turn my attention to matters pertaining to deaf-mutes.

According to the last census, the number of uneducated deaf-mutes in Utah Territory has been ascertained to be one hundred and eighteen, and in view of this fact, the Legislature appropriated a sum of money for the education of deaf-mutes, the same to be under the control of the Board of Regents of the University of Deseret, of which Hon. George Q. Cannon is Chancellor. The school is yet in its infancy, and the pupils are slowly gathering together, but before long, it will be fully organized with additional officers and teachers. A circular will soon be sent to parents or guardians of deaf-mutes in every county, calling their attention to the school, and by this means it is believed a large increase of pupils will result. One of the pupils was educated at Colorado Springs, but the others are big, grown up, uneducated men and women, some over twenty years of age, with hands hardened by constant toil, and minds more or less brightly smouldering beneath the years of ignorance and stolid indifference to which they had been accustomed.

There is a self-taught semi-mute, by the name of Mr. Pratt, employed as a compositor on the *Deseret News*. His father and uncle, Orson and Parley P. Pratt, were two of the first apostles to give the weight of their undoubted learning and influence to the cause of Joseph Smith, the prophet. The mute referred to supports a wife and several children, and is in full communion with the Mormon Church. His uncle was pursued by three outraged husbands in Arkansas, where he had been preaching polygamy, and murdered by them, although he was adjudged innocent of the alleged crime by a judge and jury, previous to the assassination. The father of the deaf-mute was among the first to enter the valley, and it was by his hands that the American flag was planted upon Ensign Peak, one of the highest mountains here, and the valley was taken possession of by him in the name of "Zion and the Modern Israel." He was an astronomer, a mathematician, a theological divine and an orator, all of the first magnitude. It was such men as he that first gave an impetus to the dreams and "revelations" of Joseph Smith, an impetus which has been rolling onward, gathering force, until now the Mormons are a distinct people, "the chosen of God," as they believe. The future of Mormonism is hard to imagine. Can it be suppressed by the strong hand? The future will tell.

I had the pleasure of being introduced to one of the oldest apostles, namely, Mr. Wilford Woodruff, who had been one of the counsellors of the "martyred prophet," as the Mormons fondly term him. He was quite affable, and, in course of conversation, mentioned the fact that he was well acquainted with the first Dr. Gallaudet and the Hartford School. He inquired if Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet was still living. He used to live in Bloomingdale, Conn. If this chances to meet the eyes of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet or President Gallaudet, they may be able to recollect the man.

There is a deaf-mute woman employed in the house of President Taylor, the head of the Mormon Church. She came from England, and lives with her husband, a hearing man. Both are Mormons.

James Cary, who was at one time connected with the Deaf-Mute College, lives at the Deseret Hospital, totally blind from a raging snow storm which took place while he was working on a railroad in Idaho Territory. These are all the educated deaf-mutes I know of in this city.

In conclusion, I desire to thank the editor of the JOURNAL, the members of the New England Gallandet Association, the correspondent in Ohio, my good friends in Beverly, and others, for their expressions of good will.

HARRY WHITE.

The Blind Singer of Stuttgart.

"Lotchen, promise me one thing, and we will speak no more of the cloud which Lord has seen fit to cast over your young life. Promise that you will take what care you can of your little brother Karl, and teach him to be good, that some day I may hold you both again, mine forever and ever."

Lotchen was blind, and the poor, gentle, hard-working mother, as she felt herself growing weaker day by day, often wondered what would become of her children when she was really gone, for they had no relatives, and very few friends.

Three weeks longer she went about her daily work, and then sank so gradually that it was like night coming on—it is dark almost before the sun has set. All at once she gave up work, and Lotchen and Karl were left alone in their dreary little dwelling, and very, very desolate it was, too.

She would do her best for Karl's sake, and some day she would give him back again to her mother, where there was no more cold nor poverty nor sickness. But what was there in all the world that she could do? for they were very, very poor, and Karl could, as yet, do very little to help.

In her loneliness and desolation, she often sought the church, which was not far from their humble dwelling, for the grand notes of the old organ comforted and cheered her so. She was very fond of music, and could sing in her untutored way, many a sweet tune.

One day, on being more deeply stirred than usual at the glorious music as it crept around her, there came into Lotchen's heart for the first time an unaccountable delight as she listened to the sweet voices of the choristers, and wondered, while the thought which had so suddenly dawned upon her almost took her breath away,—ah, if *she* could learn to sing! Even her poor, sightless eyes seemed grow bright with the hope, as she whispered to herself:

"Can there be any chance for me? Karl says I have such a nice voice, and he shall not know."

And in an ecstasy of joy, she went down upon her knees, sobbing as if her heart would break.

With these bright castles in her mind, she groped her way toward the organ as they were about closing it.

Strange that she had never thought before that she might become a singer, when her life had seemed such an incumbrance.

In vain she listened for the step of the chapel-master. He never seemed to cross her path, and it was many days before she caught the sound of his well-known voice.

"Dear master, I do so want to speak to you," she said, almost frightened at her own boldness.

"To *me*, little girl? What can I do for you?"

"Much, very much," said Lotchen.

"For many long days I have waited to see you. Do you think I could learn to sing in your choir?"

"*Can* you sing, my child? And what is your name?"

"Lotchen Bremer, and we are very poor. My mother is dead, and she left my little brother in my care, and I thought I could help a little."

"Brave child! I will see what I can do for you. To-morrow I will try your voice. Come at this hour.

And they parted.

The next day Lotchen was in her accustomed place, where the organist found her and led her to the loft. At first he tried her on a few low notes, until she should gain courage, and then, little by little, he brought out tones more rich, and when she ceased, the master turned, and placing his hand upon her head, said!

"You will have your wish, my child. You will yet sing in the choir."

Lotchen was almost wild with joy. It was late when she returned home and found Karl earnestly awaiting her coming.

She would not tell him now. She would keep her secret well. With his assistance she prepared the evening meal, he never dreaming what made her step so much lighter, or the voice cheerier. By-and-by he would know.

Six years went by, bringing seedtime and harvest, summer and winter, according to the promise of the God, and into Lotchen's sightless life had come a harvest of gladness out of her new-found talent that only He could know.

There was to be solemn service in the little church.

As the time drew near, the people flocked from all quarters. Every corner of the building was brilliantly lighted.

It had become a sacred place, that little Gothic church, with its carved old pulpit, black with age, and the choirloft, and the very high-backed pews.

The "Hallelujah Chorus" pealed from the organ grandly, and the choir stood up to sing.

But whose is the voice so full, so rich, waking the very echoes of the grand old church? It had been in all the papers that "Lotchen Bremer, the great soprano," was to sing to-day in Handel's "Grand Oratorio of the Messiah;" but she did not know that.

The words seemed to dance for very joy as she sang those victorous notes. Then came words of "peace and rest" and they always seemed to carry her away from all cold, and poverty, and loneliness, to that land where her dear mother must be waiting and watching for Karl and her.

What a glow of color was on her cheek as she closed! And to more than one in that company how singularly beautiful she was.

Behind one of the quaint old pillars sat a stranger, who in breathless silence had listened to every note, and who now sent a request upon a slip of paper that she should sing in the "Stabat Mater," a piece of which she was passionately fond. Although this was unknown to him, she acquiesced and poured her very soul into it, and when she stopped, he drew a long breath and retired from the building.

When the service was over and the company dispersed, the chapel-master went to Lotchen as she was about to leave, and taking her thin, small hand in his, told her that the stranger of the night before had come all the way from Leipsic to find a voice like hers to sing in the cathedral there, and that he was ready to pay her any sum if she would only go.

Lotchen's face grew ashen white, and she seemed like one suddenly bowed down as she answered:

"Dear master, how can I go? All my life this has been my home. To you I owe all my success, because I am blind. I have loved you all the more; and to leave Karl, too—how could I live without him?"

"You shall take him with you, my good girl. You need the money so much, and you cannot resist six hundred florins."

"Yes, yes—I know it all. But who will comfort me when I am sorrowful and lonely? However, if you say go, I will abide by your decision. A life-time of sacrifice will not repay you for all you have done for me."

The old chapel-master could not understand Lotchen's feelings. While he assured her that good people were to be found everywhere, he could only see the stern necessity and what a future she had before her—far greater than it could ever be with him.

She rose hurriedly, groping her way to the door, for it was late. On the threshold she turned and received the old man's benediction, and the assurance that she had become like a daughter to him, and that she little knew how hard it was to urge her to take the step.

And so she went. And Lotchen Bremer's voice sang in the cathedral choir; and its power was so great, its exquisite pathos so touching, that strong men were awed by its unutterable sweetness; and to the stranger, who was no other than the elector of the parish, she became an angel of light, creeping into his heart all unawares from the hour when, in her simple, childlike beauty, she had sung the "Stabat Mater" in the little church at Stuttgart.

And what of Karl, with his bold, bright eyes and sinewy limbs? Was Lotchen faithful to her trust?

As soon as she had taken her new position she resolved upon placing him in the University of Leipsic, that he might prepare for a profession.

And having chosen the law, and celebrated his twenty-first birthday by an admission to the bar, he became a prominent lawyer in that quaint old city, finding his quiet happiness in the beautiful and safe retreat of Lotchen's happy fireside, whose "Children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her," while on high the recording angel has written, in letters of gold:

"She hath done what she could,"
—*Golden Days.*

Banknote Paper.

The banknote paper on which American legal tender, national banknote currency, and government bonds are printed, is made entirely at Dalton, Mass.

If you should happen to stop at the paper mill, with proper introduction and credentials, you may perhaps be allowed to handle a sheet of the crisp paper, where, as the wet, grayish pulp is pressed between heavy iron cylinders, bits of of blue and red silk are scattered over its face and silken ribs laid on its surface. You may go beyond into the counting room, where each sheet as it comes from the drying room is carefully examined and counted and then returned to the paper cutter to be divided into smaller sheets. If you trace this paper still further, you will find that from the cutter's hands it passed again into the counting room, and is seperated into little packages containg 1000 sheets each, the amount recorded in a register, and then packed in bundles and stored in fire and burglar proof vaults to await shipment to the United States treasury.

From the pulp room to the vault the precious paper is watched and guarded as carefully as though each sheet was an ounce of gold. Its manufacture is one of the greatest secrets connected with the government's money making. From the vaults of the paper mill at Dalton to the guarded store rooms of the treasury at Washington is a journey of several hundred miles. In the capacious vaults of the treasury buildings, among gold, silver, copper and nickel coins, bullion, paper currency and official records, you will find thousands of packages of the banknote paper made at Dalton. It comes in little iron safes, such as are used by the Adams Express Company, and each package and every sheet is carefully counted before the manufacturer and express company are relieved of further responsibility. The paper that arrives to-day may lie in the treasury store room for years, or it may be sent to the bureau of engraving and printing to-morrow, to return in the course of a month's time a legal tender or a bank note.—*Geyer's Stationer.*

Married.

KRAFFT—SARTORI.—At Christ Church, Joliet, Illinois, September 18th, by Rev. A. W. Mann, Mr. Julius Gaber Krafft, and Miss Agnes Maria Sartori, both of Joliet.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Tuttle's Building, 198 Grand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: William G. Pownall, President; Henry Stangele, First Vice President; Charles E. Green, Second Vice President; Thomas Godfrey, Secretary; Henry L. Juhring, Treasurer; Jacob Swartz, Sergeant-at-Arms. The Secretary's address is 31 Meeker Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theo. Grady; Secretary, Martin Aronsohn. Divine services, first and third Sundays, alternate at 11 A.M. Educational classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 16th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. Corresponding Secretary's address, James P. Donohue, 371 Second Avenue.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Cor. 6th and Elm Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8 P.M. Henry Bardes, President, and Jesse K. T. Hoagland, Secretary. Secretary's P. O. address is 71 Bremen Street, Covington, Ky.

CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the Parish Building (2nd floor) of St. Stephen's P. E. Church, 10th St. above Chestnut St. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. George Slifer is President, and Abraham L. Manning Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1022 Sarah St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Thomas Brown, President; Almos Smith, Treasurer, and Varnum B. Wright, Secretary. Rev. Samuel Rowe, of West Boxford, Mass., is the missionary appointed by this mission to preach the Gospel to deaf-mutes in this State for the present.

PHILADELPHIA CATHOLIC LITERARY UNION.

The Catholic Literary Union of Deaf-Mutes meets every Tuesday evening at 8 P.M., in the large Philopatrian Hall, which is situated in 12th St., below Walnut St., front second floor. Last Tuesday in every month for business meetings only. Strangers in town are cordially invited. Thomas Breen is President, and Edward Carr is Secretary, and the latter's address is 1131 East Somerset Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ST. LOUIS CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meetings in room 8, third floor, Bryant & Stratton's Business College building, corner 5th and Market Streets (opposite the Court House). Regular meetings on the second Saturday of each month, for business only. The reading room, well equipped with dailies and illustrated weeklies at the club's own expense, is open to members and their friends at all times. The purposes of the Club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancement of St. Louis gentlemen and ladies will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcome on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home in the club rooms. Officers: President, W. E. Gass; Vice-President, William Stafford; Treasurer, William Campbell; Secretary, Hugh P. Lamb; Sergeant-at-Arms, John Campbell. Secretary's address, 112 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

The Deaf-Mute Christian Mission holds its annual meeting every two years in February. Its object is as follows: To encourage the formation of union societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities, and to interest all friend of humanity and christianity in their behalf. To assist in giving extra services to such local union societies who are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves. Its officers are as follows: P. W. Packard, President; James P. Burbank, Secretary, and John T. Tillinghast, Treasurer, Geo. B. Kenisten and W. Bailey, Executive Committee of two.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. It object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Fred Hoffman, 130 East 14th Street, New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officered by John T. Tillinghast, New Bedford, Mass., President; Oscar Kinsman, Vice-President; Philo W. Packard, Treasurer; John F. Donnelly, Secretary. State Managers: H. P. Hunt for Maine; J. E. Livingston, New Hampshire; Robert D. Livingstone, Connecticut; F. C. Davis, Massachusetts; J. B. Meacham, Vermont, and Levi A. Lester, Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1886. Address the Secretary, Woonsocket, R. I.

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every week, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, Daniel J. Ward; Vice-President, Walter McDougal; 2d Vice-President, Thomas R. Stewart; Treasurer, William Ersinger; General Secretary, Robert T. Bailey. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, R. T. Bailey, 15 Thomas Street, Newark, N. J.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.)

THE PEABODY LITERARY CLUB, OF BALTIMORE.

The Peabody Literary Club meets every Wednesday night at 8 o'clock, in the Young Men's Christian Association building, corner Charles and Saratoga Streets, Baltimore. The officers of the club for the current half year are: William McElroy, President; James O. Amos, Vice-President; Henry J. Gill, Secretary; James Mooney, Treasurer; Adolph Knoechel, Sergeant-at-arms. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary at 356 Madison Avenue, Baltimore.

THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES

The Salem Society of deaf-mutes is a an unsectarian society, organized in 1876, and meets at its rooms, 223 Essex Street, every Sunday forenoon, for holding services, excepting the last Sabbath of each month, when it holds a service in Beverly for the convenience of those who can not go to Salem. It also holds a Bible class at its rooms every Sunday eve, under the leadership of its Pastor, and also Friday evening for a prayer and conference meeting. Its officers are as follows: P. W. Packard, Permanent Pastor; Hardy P. Chapman, W. Bailey, and S. F. Southwick, Board of Directors; L. A. Smith. W. K. Bigelow, and W. C. Packard, Trustees.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquenna Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.



SOMYKA.

(Patent.)

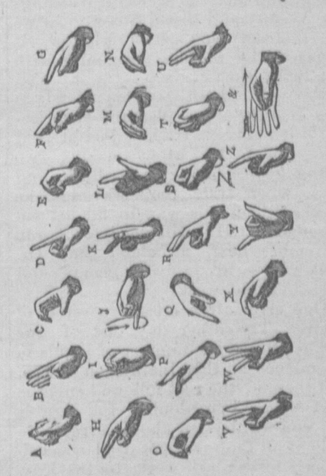
SOMYKA, this excellent **Medicated Toilet-Compound**, is highly recommended by all those who have given this article a fair trial, for **Bruises, Burns, Cuts, Open Wounds, Sores, Ringworms, Swellings, Tetters, Tender Feet** or **Chilblains**, this **SOMYKA** will prove a most Valuable Compound, as in almost every instance it has effected a remarkably quick and sure cure!

I also can with **Safety** recommend **SOMYKA** as a safe cure for **Sore, Hoarse** or **Swollen Throat, Offensive Breath, Tender** or **Sore Gums**; and as for **Cleaning, Whitening** and **Strengthening** your **Teeth**, there is positively nothing like the **SOMYKA**. It is pleasant in taste and agreeable in odor.

For sale by all Druggists, Fancy and Dry Goods Dealers.

A. SIMONSON, Sole Proprietor,
DEPOT: 34 East 14th St.

MANUAL ALPHABET
AND
CALLING CARDS COMBINED



We are printing Manual Alphabet Visiting or Calling Cards, of the best quality, cheaper than any publishing office in America. Your name neatly printed on the reverse side, in stylish type, and the cards sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, to any part of the United States and Canada.

PRICE LIST:

50 Cards with name, 25 cents.
100 " " " 50 "

Address
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
STATION M,
New York City

THE best adapted for the use of your relatives and friends, on account of the convenient size and clear and elegant design.

Single and double handed alphabet cards, with or without your name on the back.

50 cards - - - - - - 25 cents.
100 " - - - - - - - 50 cents.

W. R. Cullingworth,
Care Am. Printing House,
37-1yr. PHILADELPHIA, PA.